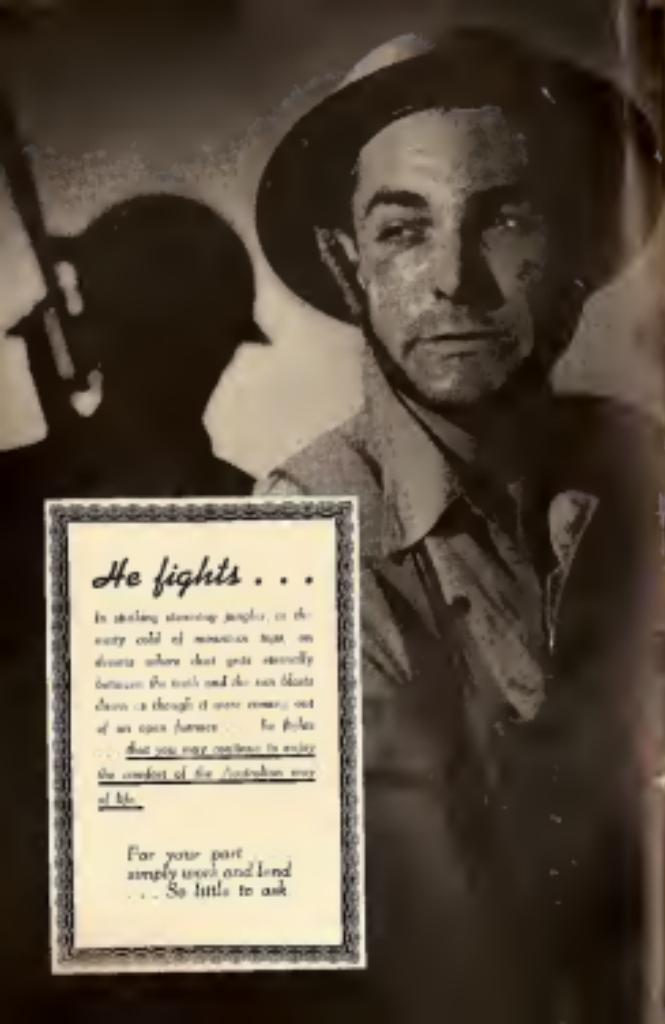


CAVALCADE

JANUARY NINETEEN FORTY THREE PRICE ONE SHILLING





He fights . . .

In steaming steaming jungles, in the
icy cold of mountain passes, on
deserts where dust gets steadily
between the teeth and the sun blazes
down as though it were coming out
of an open furnace . . . he fights
that you may continue to enjoy
the comfort of the Australian way
of life.

For your part
simply work and lend
so little to ask

CAVALCADE

★ CONTENTS FOR JANUARY, 1943. ★



ARTICLES

Naval Bases are Vital	Advised Sir Herbert Richmond	53
A Soldier to the Home Front (Verse)	Louis H. Clark	56
Plans for Britain	58	
Technique Against Japan	Lord Wedgwood	65
Post Under the Jackboot	68	
The Digger is Poised	Nym Price	74
Schmidt, Hitler's Shadow	Albert Broad	78
Europe's Food Fight	Rolf Tell	82

MY DAY TO BOWL

Gilbert Austrader Says What He Thinks	3
---------------------------------------	---

CARTOONS

Pages	4, 5, 6, 7, 15, 50, 53, 55, 57, 62, 63, 67, 71, 73, 75, 79, 82
-------	--

CANBERRA

Review and Illustrations	17-20
--------------------------	-------

AUSTRALIA AT WAR

A History with Pen and Brush	9-16
------------------------------	------

PACIFIC

Review and Illustrations	31-36
--------------------------	-------

INTERNATIONAL

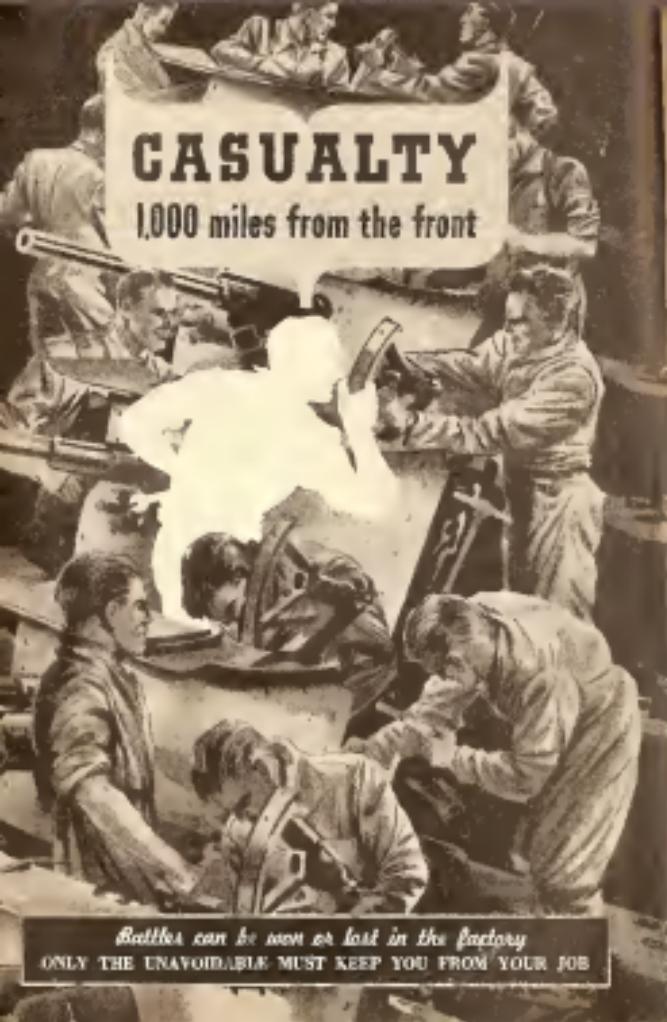
Review and Illustrations	37-49
--------------------------	-------

DEPARTMENTS

History in the Making	84-86
-----------------------	-------

Books	88-90
-------	-------

Pot Pourri	92
------------	----

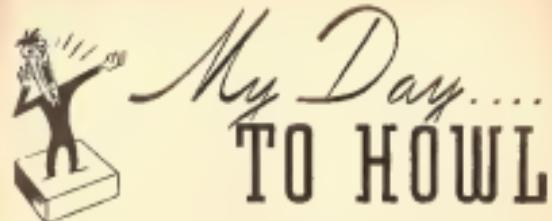


CASUALTY

1,000 miles from the front

Battles can be won or lost in the factory

ONLY THE UNAVOIDABLE MUST KEEP YOU FROM YOUR JOB



By Columnist GILBERT ASTORWICH.

... THIS LAND

It always causes me considerable inward amusement when people come up (with a point) to say that, "Australia is becoming Americanised" (in shocked tones), or that, "Australia is drifting away from Britain" (in excited if not panic-stricken tones), or that, "Australia is drifting away from Britain" (an happy if not hilariously gleeful tones).

The latest to add his mite to the somewhat stupid controversy is War Correspondent Noel Monk, of the London *Daily Mail*.

He wrote, recently, that, "As for suggestions that Australia is coming completely within the American orbit and is likely to become 'the forty-ninth State,' there are some Australians with such views, but representative, honest-to-goodness Australians are deeply proud of their British heritage, which they will never abandon."

Whether this is some sort of whistling in a graveyard I do not know. In any case, it is still very

confused and shallow, and, as I have already said, more than a little amusing.

As I see it, Australians are Australians—whether they like it or not. You could kill every Australian on the continent and import seven million Americans, or Britons, or Japanese, or Eskimos and, in the course of two hundred years they would no longer be Americans, Britons, Japanese, or Eskimos.

They would be precisely what we are to-day—Australians.

In the moulding of their national character they would have derived something from their land of origin; they would have absorbed a few other foreign and minor characteristics. In, in the course of those two hundred years they came into close contact with large numbers of people from other lands (as Australians to-day are coming into close contact and being influenced to some minor extent by large numbers of Americans).

But—they would still be Australians. That is undesirable.

You just can't have a big band of people isolated on a continent of their own and expect them to remain precisely British (as our rabid pro-British element would have them), or expect them to swing in a body towards Americanisation in a more or less complete degree (as our happy pro-American element would have them).

You *can* and *should* expect them to be happy and extremely glad of the friendship of both races. But that doesn't make you a Briton or an American. You might be happy in the friendship of a Chinese or an Indian living next door, learn something of his culture and his language; but that doesn't make you a Chinese or an Indian.

... CHARACTER

The fact is that this nation has developed — and is still develop-



"My dear you everything? Hell you not quit dat quonts of my generational?"

ing its own national character. In the course of that process it will absorb outside influences . . . but not to any greatly perceptible degree.

Australia can never be 100 per cent. anything, except Australian — and that is as inevitable as tomorrow's sunrise.

A lad born here of, say, Italian parents, does not sit around moaning and pining for the day when he will go home to his beloved Rome. To hell with Rome. His interests are in Melbourne and Sydney and the rest.

His parents want to set their Roma again, perhaps. The youngster doesn't. Therefore, he's not an Italian — by birth or sentiment. He's an Australian.

Remove them one more generation and they are even more Australian.

My great-grandparents were German on one side. I have no ties — sentimental or otherwise — with Germany. All my other great-grandparents and grandparents were British. I have no sentimental ties there, either. Because I'm neither German nor British (except insofar as Australia is traditionally, geographically and historically part of the British Empire). I'm Australian.

It would be interesting to know just what percentage of Australians have foreign blood in them. I'll wager the percentage would be very high indeed. But that does not make them any the less Australian.

So let us hear no more of this imbecility about Australia becoming Americanised, or remaining Anglicised. It never will become



"This is what we have a pick, and that is what is necessary known as a rock!"

Americanised. It has not been Angloised for about a hundred years.

For purposes of mutual help, international progress and cohesion, mixed up with a bit of sentiment, your Canadian, Indian, Australian, and what have you might decide to remain part of the British Empire. But that is something very different. It does not alter his racial habits or character. It simply makes him a sensible Canadian, Indian or Australian.

There is only one improvement that, to my mind, could be made—and that is to call this union, simply, "The Empire."

... IMPLICATION

To call it "The British Empire" strongly implies that everyone and everything under it is



"What with the economy of trees and the rising price of shoe leather, I'll just have to pack it up for the duration."

British and that the whole works belongs to Britain, lock, stock and barrel—which, I believe, is far from the truth and, since Federation, has been swiftly growing farther from it.

For this Empire is simply a coalition of free, independent peoples, living in free, scattered, independent lands.

So precisely what do these people mean when they groan and shout about Australia being in danger of becoming part of America? Do they themselves know what they mean?

I doubt it. I think they are voicing a confused, shadowy fear without giving it any thought. Australia, one hundred years ago, when the land was chockfull of salt fresh out from England, could have been very aptly and truthfully described as British. But to-day it is little more British racially than is South Africa, and is certainly in no danger of becoming permanently American for exactly the same reasons outlined above.

And even (during all these normal and inevitable racial processes of self-development) if Australia should become "Americanised," what the hell? America itself is only a few more hundred years removed from Anglicisation than we—which boils it all down to the same thing.

No; the slightly hysterical argument being put up by these people doesn't make much sense whichever way you look at it . . . unless it is a smoke-screen.

And I wouldn't know about that. Foreign trade and economics aren't in my line.





Section Three

AUSTRALIA AT WAR

A Running History of a Nation's Fight

BATTLE

In three years of war, Australian soldiers had fought some good, big fights. They had fought desperate fights (in Greece), losing fights (in Crete), tragic fights (in Malaya), hard-pushing, war-wearing fights (in the Middle East), colorful, swashbuckling fights (in Timor).

But seldom, if ever, had there been a grimmer, more merveling fight than the one they were waging in New Guinea. In most warfare there is some sort of control, some tradition; certain rules are accepted and more or less kept by both sides.

New Guinea, however, was an all-in fight. There were few rules, few conventions. Perhaps the Jap could not understand, or, if he understood, would not observe the finer, humane conventions white men had imposed on warfare.

Whatever the case, he had no use for them. He set his own

rules; kill, kill, kill.

That was why New Guinea was the world's worst battle-field. Its dark jungle and its Jap-imposed battle-morals stank in the nose of all honest men. It was "Kill or be killed"; many a grim-faced returning Digger had said so. There was no quarter.

Right throughout December A.I.F. and A.M.F. kept plugging through the soaking, mud-carpeted wilderness, plugging at the hardy, unyielding enemy, plugging wedges into his last-stand defences.

Although it seemed more than men could bear, "the wet" came to New Guinea—tuming, soaking, monotonous rain of the rainy season that has driven men cranky before to-day . . .

In this, Australian soldiers fought . . . and made progress—slow, painful progress in which every yard had to be contested in the face of two enemies: the Jap and the mud—but progress, never-

(Turn to Page 12)

* FRONT LINE FIGHTER FROM GOA, PICTURED WITHIN GRENADE RANGE OF THE JAPANESE, AS HE CAME "THROUGH" FOR A RITE AND A BREATH.



New Guinea. Good. These
Kanakas have just come 120
years back from the front line
but had dinner a kill in the
fighting.

Photo of Information Photo

AUSTRALIA AT WAR

themselves.

By December's end, the enemy had been reduced to dire peril. He had been pushed back and back, relentlessly, until "The struggle to breach the enemy's last line of defence in the Buna area of Papua (was) continuing in a progression of sanguinary local actions for the reduction of 'bunker' type strong-points."

All month long it had been this—plunging and plunging . . . a slow, methodical reduction of enemy resistance, a pushing back and back.

From this Buna-Gona area, the Jap had set out so proudly, with high-headed confidence. He would sweep grandly across the ranges and around the coasts.

Very soon he would have all New Guinea. Within no time his would be Port Moresby. No handful of Christian dogs could stop the mighty armies of the Son of Heaven.

From Port Moresby it would be an easy hop to the Australian mainland. Gona and Buna were the start. The Jap felt high with happiness as he prepared his offence.

At December's beginning, after accomplishing the impossible in storming across the heart-breaking Owen Stanley's, Australians and Americans were giving the enemy merry hell on his own consolidated ground around Gona-Buna.

The enemy was desperate, frantic. He fought back in last-ditch desperation—gamely, day and

night, yielding no single inch without a fight-to-the-death. He did his frantic best, time and again, to bring in reinforcements from the sea.

Twice, before the month was many days old, he brought destroyers to cover landings of fresh troops. Twice the destroyers and troops were driven off—and he lost men and ships.

Perhaps some troops had managed to land. It was not known. It was known only that destroyers had been able to stand off Buna for some time, unloading, before they were driven off.

By December 5, the Jap held no more than a few hundred yards of beachhead at Gona. Upwards of 450 dead Japanese had already been counted. Allied losses were light.

The "close, tough, fierce" fighting went on with unbroken fury all month long.

This was oriental fascism at its most intense pitch. According to evidence, Emperor Hirohito himself had heard of the stand his men were making, had personally directed them to fight until they were dead. Many a Jap, caught in a tight spot, suicided.

In his House of Representatives on December 10, Prime Minister Curtin rose to make a statement, announcing that Allied forces had completely occupied the Gona area.

At same time he announced Australian Army battle casualties
(Turn to Page 16)



"And I used to think better dresses was easy stuff!"



Death in the Sago Swamps

A report from New Orleans said: "On Wednesday night, the Japanese attacked in force from both the village and the swamps.

"The double-poled were driven at breakneck speed to create a long line of smoke across the swamp.

"The long rifles, which have provided a mosquito defense for the scattered villages, helped to smash the regular attack.

"Light machine-guns dominated the few stony pathways through the swamps.

AUSTRALIA AT WAR

in New Guinea. Excluding Rabaul losses, there, to December 1, were 2,190, including 640 killed in action. In this figure no missing cases were included.

In their 20-day long battle for the Gona beachhead, Australian troops had blasted their way into Gona village on at least two occasions, had had to get out again.

Said he: "The Japanese have made frequent attempts to land reinforcements. Many of them have been repulsed by the Allied Air Forces."

"It is known, however, that some attempts made under cover of darkness, and in weather unfavorable for the effective employment of our aircraft, have been successful."

By December 16 yet another attempted landing had been repulsed; Buna village's capture had been reported.

Said the communiqué: "Buna village has been taken. It was occupied by our troops at 10 o'clock yesterday morning, December 14. The attack was preceded by a heavy mortar barrage, which was followed in by the infantry . . ."

For the Japanese who had attempted another landing about same time, it was an unlucky day. Roaring above them had come strafing, bomb-dropping planes.

When the planes flew off hours the coast, beaches, sea were littered with the stricken, mangled wreckage that had shortly before been many men and enemy supplies.

From that point to month's end, the gradual, methodical reduction of the enemy around Buna went on. He was steadily losing ground, losing his grip. More than once he tried frantically, vainly to break out of the ring of steel weapons and steel-hard men the Allies had thrown around him.

GUERRILLAS

Out of Timor, Jap-held island off the Australian coast, were coming at long last stories of the band of Australians holding out in the hills.

They were by no means numerous; yet for coming close to twelve months they had held the numerous Japs at bay. More than once the Aussies had been invited to surrender. Each time he had sent back a reply that was unpersuasive, probably incomprehensible in detail to the Jap, who had to rely on a dictionary, and could get only the bare, but nonetheless vivid gist of what they meant.

The Jap was not at all happy about his unwanted guests on Timor. Whenever he sent troops into the hills to wipe out the guerrillas, his troops came back nursing deplorably large losses.

By year's end the unhappy enemy had taken to raising his own roads for his own protection. Timor had become something of an Australian playground where Diggers sojped and blazed in a heathen spirit of rough fun, where war correspondents came and went, where it was unhealthy for Japanese—both wary and unwary

Section Five

CANBERRA

CANBERRA HAD A QUIET, SIMMERING 1942
—BUT UNDERNEATH PLENTY WAS
ABOING. • THERE WAS A FORTHRIGHT
APPEAL FOR MORE PACIFIC-WAR AIR, TWO
SPARKING NEW MINISTERS, NEW TAXES.



...HOLIDAY

Canberra sweltered in scorching heat, bear off bigger swarms of flies than usual, had the quietest Xmas in its history.

Barred by travel restrictions and shorter leisure time, public servants spent Xmas at home, many for the first time for years.

They pottered about their gardens, dozed on cool verandahs, saved for Treasurer Chifley's loans the money they would have spent in the cities.

It was quiet in the green-roofed Lodge at the foot of Red Hill, where Prime Minister Curtin spent his second Xmas as Prime Minister separated from his family by the breadth of a continent.

His thoughts were with his wife and daughter in Fremantle, with his airmen son in Adelaide, soon to be posted to a battle squadron.

Lonely in Canberra, too, was Treasurer Chifley, tied up with work and unable to reach his Bathurst home in time for Xmas Day.

So Curtin asked Chifley to Xmas dinner, and, as he did last year, he also invited seven airmen from a nearby R.A.A.F. station to share with him the turkey carefully fattened in a home-made coop by chef-custodian Ray Tracey.

Afterwards tireless Treasurer Chifley went back to his office; Curtin went riding.

On Boxing Day he saw a cricket match, laughed with the Governor-

General at the nearby R.A.A.F. man who wondered why Lord Gowrie hadn't remembered him out of an inspection line-up he had recently seen.

Except for Chef-custodian Tracey's turkey and a couple of books, Curtin got few Xmas presents outside his family circle.

In his mail on Xmas Eve was a roughly torn corner from a brown-paper sheet, stamped, addressed, and bearing a chirpy Xmas greeting.

This mystery Xmas card came from an old Queensland Labor friend.

From two little girls in widely separated Victorian towns Curtin received home-made Xmas cards of folded paper, childishly decorated.

But seasonal highlight of Canberra's Xmas was the bare disposal sale of a hotel whose license had been withdrawn to provide another residential hotel.

In many Canberra homes, therefore, there was good cheer. There was grumbling complaint, too, because, through Departmental bungling, ice has become a rare commodity in Canberra, and the beer was tepid.

...OFFENSIVE

International diplomacy is a delicate, often discouraging art, with rules more courteous than practical.

Therefore, Prime Minister Curtin's unexpected public plea for increased Allied strength in the

Pacific was refreshingly frank.

It told in simple words what inside commentators had for months been hinting at.

It told of Australia's efforts—so far unsuccessful—to influence Allied strategy towards offensive planning in the Pacific.

South-West area.

At his Press Conference, Curtin read the article carefully, agreed that it paraphrased the views which the Australian Government had repeatedly put to the leaders of the United Nations.

Thus he accepted the broad principles set out by the American writer without specifically naming them.

But in his 100-word statement he said all that was necessary to confirm the hints of past months.

Parliamentary Federal view is that the war is global, that the enemy is as destructive and dangerous wherever he may be met.

For months the holding war in the Pacific has been virtually static in the broad picture, with slow progress in New Guinea and the Solomons.

But while Allied fighting men in the steaming jungles were tiring, while machines were wearing, and vital shipping was being picked off on the long Pacific routes, the Japanese were building their forces behind the holding line.

With the captured oil and rubber of the East, Japan was building strong Axis ramparts, reinforcing the strength which she might soon be able to throw with savage fury against the Allies in the Pacific.

More than this, while the overwhelming strength of Allied war power was concentrated against Europe and Africa, Japan was entrenching behind steel walls which



PRIME MINISTER
JOHN CURTIN
(See Page 22)

CANBERRA



COMMERCE MINISTER SECURELY
... a year of war added
(See Page 22)

might take many years to batter down.

All this was in Curtin's mind when he made his statement, at a time when silly people in Australia were looking to European successes and forgetting the enemy nearer home, while thousands of incredibly stupid workers were downing tools for a day off, certain that the Japanese would never come.

With another 500 planes, Federals say, the strategic position of the South-West area could be revitalised.

With strong offensive action, it is held, the Japanese could be pushed out of their lightly held bases from New Guinea to the Solomons.

Australia's scattered garrisons

could be concentrated on a northward drive; her coastal waters could be cleared of enemy mines, the geographical advantages of the country could be used as the natural spring-board for regaining the rich East.

At the end of 1940 Curtin gave his now famous "look to America" message.

His statement on the last day of 1941 disclosed the native of his Government's planning in the year that had passed, its objective for the year ahead.

... NEW YEAR

To newsmen Prime Minister Curtin confessed that he had made no flippant, personal New Year resolutions.

He saw the turn of the year not as a spirit of celebration, but because the bridge game he was playing at aseure, Government-owned Hotel Kurrajong, lasted until five minutes after mid-night.

But in his New Year message to the nation Curtin demanded resolution of a sober kind.

Said he: "I ask the nation as a new year opens to take stock of itself and resolve that selflessness shall be the guiding factor in everything that comes to pass. For with that as a basis our strength cannot be denied, however the enemy may assail us."

Curtin promised no easy road for 1943.

The war in the Pacific was at a crucial stage, he said.

CANBERRA

"I give a stern warning that the Government can see only a hard road with events, the portents of which are far from bright, casting a heavy shadow on the new year," he added.

"Resoluteness must be the keynote of the Australian character. I am confident that that will be manifested throughout the land, and that, with God's blessing, 1943 will be a better, a more victorious year than was 1942."

First to ignore Curtin's warning were the 35,000 workers who saw in brighter news headlines excuse for absenteeism on New Year's Day.

But Curtin and Evatt acted promptly, did not wait for Labor Minister Ward to move, but set legal machinery working for large-scale prosecutions.

For Curtin it was a disappointing start to the new year—a year as vital to the Labor Party as to the nation.

Some time this year Labor must face the election, secure endorsement or suffer defeat through public reaction to the gigantic planning of 1942.

Worn by internal sniping, outside belly-aching, high-up Laborites see in an election opportunity for a clean-cut Parliamentary set-



THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF General Sir Thomas Blamey bids good luck with hand-shakes to men of the Australian Army who were recently transported to the battle area by plane.

CANBERRA

up free from the niggling anxieties of a Parliament without a party majority.

The parliamentary session beginning at January's end may be the last big legislative session of the Parliament.

Heading an impressive legislative programme is the bill to amend the Defence Act permitting wider service for volunteers.

Short-quick, the interstate Labor conference, on January 5, decided that an amendment to the Defence Act would be made extending use of the Militia to any territory in the South-West Pacific if, by such use, it was being employed in Australia's defence.

Said the historic motion: "That having regard to the paramount necessity of Australia's defence as set out in Section 5 of the special resolution adopted in June, 1940, by Federal conference the Government be authorised to add to the Defence Act in the definition of the Commonwealth, which at present defines the territories to which this Act extends, the following words:

"'And such other territories in the South-West Pacific Area as the Governor-General proclaims as being territories associated with the defence of Australia'."

The voting: 24 to 12 in favor of the motion.

Opposition Leader Arty Fadden named as Andre Maurois, realistic French political author, for his New Year text.

To preserve a united country

was to be strong, wrote Maurois.

Said he: "Political parties are passengers aboard the same ship. If they wreck it, all will perish."

To this Fadden added that a nation not united politically could not fight with the full energy and moral backing of all its people.

... PORTFOLIO

After a nerve-shattering hour in the dentist's chair, lanky, easy-going Treasurer Chifley went out to Government House to take the oath as Minister for Post War Reconstruction.

He wondered whether his new title, added to that of Treasurer, wasn't a bit of a mouthful, and he juggled words for half an hour trying unsuccessfully to find a shorter one.

Now as Treasurer and Minister for Post War Reconstruction energetic Ben Chifley will frame Government policy for the difficult post-war years.

With finance as the basic essential of all reconstruction plans, Minister Curtin looked no further than Chifley when seeking his new Minister.

Also sworn in with Chifley was Commerce Minister Bill Scully who became Minister for Agriculture.

Natural link between the two new departments was the appointment of a Post War Rural Reconstruction Commission which is already laying the foundation for a better deal for the producer after the war.



AUSTRALIAN GUERRILLAS IN TIMOR

Soon after the Japanese moved into Timor Australians without communications with the mainland set to, under a young technician, Joe Lowthian, to build a wireless strong enough to connect the mainland. This picture shows three of the men who helped him build the set. When they finally contacted the mainland their identification was challenged. The mainland Signal Officer sent back a message, "What is the clearest name of Jack Serpent's 'Kukkuus,'" which established the bona fides of the original message.

CANBERRA



SUPPLY MINISTER BEASLEY
... Their Bibles

Leading member of the Commons is Canberra's No. 1 administrator Frank Murphy, Commerce Department head, whose duties have been lessened by the appointment of former Queensland Minister Bulcock as Director of Agriculture.

With each portfolio comes the Bible on which the Minister is sworn. Some Federal members, particularly in Opposition have a shelf full of Bibles.

When Supply Minister Beasley got his third Bible as Minister for Shipping he gave it to his son's school.

... FINANCIAL

Behind the frosted glass door of Treasurer Chifley's office lights have been burning even later than usual.

With him for hours have been high Treasury officials, economists, Government trouble-shooters.

The work that Treasurer Chifley was doing will visibly affect the already changed pattern of life for Australians in 1943.

For weeks Chifley had been going over his figures; with Prime Minister Curtin he had conferred with Commonwealth Bank heads.

And out of the mass of detail, the astronomical figures, he has written a sterling story which he will soon tell to Cabinet.

He would reveal that Commonwealth war expenditure is increasing so rapidly that further steps must be taken to frame new taxes to prevent dissipation of private funds, divert more spending power into loans, and at the same time maintain a stable internal economy.

Month after month the destructive progress of the Pacific war adds to Australia's liability for equipment of Allied troops. The cost of the vast productive programme has made it clear that estimates of a few months ago will be greatly exceeded.

Significant pointer to future events was the visit to Canberra of Bank Board members whose copy-book financial theories have had to be rewritten since war's beginning.

From their conference with Curtin and Chifley emerged the realisation that, stringent though civil restrictions have become, they must now be regarded only as a

minimum of what will be required for the rest of the war and the immediate post-war years.

Facing Curtin and his advisers was the realisation that after the war deferred spending power released from war loans and warhoarded savings will be competing for goods still in short supply.

To meet this fruitful source of dangerous inflation the Government is now laying its plans.

Federalists say that whatever Government is in power at the end of the war it will only avert financial disaster if immediate, ruthless economic planning is started now.

So in the months to come public spending will be more ruthlessly controlled. New restrictions will

CANBERRA

ensure equitable distribution of available goods, even most rigid price control will prevent inflated values, a ruthless drive against black-marketing will remove temptations from people with too much money to spend.

Said Curtin in the nation on New Year's Eve: "We must be bigger Australians in every way in the year ahead. We must fix our minds on the tasks at our hands to the exclusion of everything that is paltry and miserable and self-seeking."

... SECURITY

In many Government departments complicated jigsaw pieces are being slowly, painstakingly shaped to dove-tail into an ambi-



A.I.F. GUERRILLAS IN TIMOR . . . A PATROL SETS OUT.

CANBERRA

tion pattern of post-war security.

Economists, actuaries, statisticians, lawyers all have a hand in this plan now taking shape on the drafting boards, soon due for Ministerial consideration.

An important part of the Federal Government's post-war reconstruction organisation, this security plan will need no State sanction.

In it Attorney-General Ewart sees opportunity for implementation of one of the Four Freedoms clipp'd off his constitutional plan by State censuses—freedom from want.

Treasurer Chifley, watching vast sums flow through his department to feed the flames of war, is grimly determined that money shall be found in a post-war Australia for social betterment.

Social Service Minister Hollway looks to the plan to co-ordinate, extend the pensions schemes, the relief measures which now represent but a feeble effort to meet a great need.

More liberal than the Beveridge Plan which a few weeks ago set Great Britain thinking about the social needs of the post-war years, this new project of the Australian government is enterprising in conception, ambitious in scope.

With the fate of the long-planned, hotly contested national insurance scheme of the pre-war years still fresh in their minds,

Ministers will not hurry the plan they are now framing.

But Federalites believe that some of its principles may be ready for operation before war ends.

Basic of the new scheme may be a retiring allowance more liberal than the present pension, adequate enough for modest enjoyment of worry-free old age.

Offshoot of the plan, too, may be nationalisation of medical services, long planned in advanced sections of all political parties.

View of many Labor members is that less of the social element, more honest-to-goodness doctering, would follow such a scheme.

Security from unemployment, security from hunger, security from bad housing—all these are parts of the plan.

To post-war advancement of education, in technical and professional tuition, in more gracious living by a community anxious to earn the fruits of a hard-won peace, are also being woven into the fabric of the planning for the years ahead.

All this, Ministers say, is part of the long-range post-war plan, the big, underlying objective to the immediate transition from a wartime to a peace-time community.

...DOMESTIC

Disconcerting evidence that biggest troubles come from smallest issues confronted the Curtin Govern-



● BEHIND THE LINE AT GONA, WAR WEARIED WARRIORS TAKE A COOL REFRESHMENT

ernment over the domestic servants controversy.

Magnified by Press criticism, stimulated by political magnification, it produced an uproar that would have done credit to a truly national issue.

It produced a division of opinion in Cabinet itself, and it brought the Government to embarrassing retreat.

It proved that either the plan was wrongly based, or that fear of political consequences were stronger than wartime necessities.

From its original plan to restrict employment of domestics the Government hoped to transfer most of Australia's 60,000 servants to hospitals and war factories.

Employment of domestics in any household was to be subject to special permit.

But because the High Court had ruled that Victorian public servants were not directly engaged in war duties, and that, therefore, the National Security regulations banning certain holidays were not applicable to them, doubts over the legality of the servants move were raised.

There was a slightly odorous air of unreality about the controversy that developed, for the ban was based on precisely the same legal instrument through which much of the Government's industrial rationalisation had been implemented.

Attorney-General Evans and Solicitor General Sir George

Knockles, highest Federal legal authorities, thought the plan was legally doubtful.

There was evidence that elements within the Government made nervous by public clamour against the plan and against too rigid civil discipline were fearful of the political consequences of persevering with the ban.

But Curtin said: "I am not going to waltz in the face of lawyers or professional persons or fortunate individuals who have an income sufficiently high to enable them to get others to do their domestic chores."

But fact was that the first regulations were not gauched, and after Cabinet's Production Executive had resuscitated its decision and restrained its regulators "to remove possible legal doubts," only a shadow of the original proposal remained.

Legal misgivings about the link between the restriction order and its application to the war effort were overcome.

But the regulations permitted every household to have at least one domestic servant, or more under special conditions.

And manpower authorities were obliged to find appropriate war employment for domestics before transferring them from private employment.

Federalites agree that the plan as it now stands accomplishes next to nothing.

They agree that few households keep more than one servant, that

exemptions now provided leave only a small fraction of the 60,000 domestic servants available for transfer to war work.

...MAKESHIFT

Among all the glittering panoply of authorisation the trapping of



SOCIAL SERVICE MINISTER
HOLLOWAY
...feuds to the plan
(See Page 26)

traditional ceremony, Australia lacks of all things a table.

And lack of a table was never more painfully apparent than when the Constitutional Convention met in Canberra last month.

For days before the Convention Government officials wondered how they were going to accommodate the 24 delegates to the Conference.

In all Canberra there is no table big enough to provide elbow room

for 24 men; nor, for that matter, is there in the National Capital a conference hall of appropriate dignity outside the Representative and Senate Chambers.

Officials finally made do with the two official, leather-covered tables already on the floor of the Representative Chamber, supplemented by two new-looking, brightly varnished tables of inappropriate dimensions commandeered from some Parliamentary office.

It was an ugly arrangement which was convenient because there was nothing better.

For the Communications Conference delegates from all Empire countries sat round the Senate table, swept official Parliamentary volumes into a tray untidily balanced across Senate benches.

With memories of the handsome polished conference tables, the gilded, forested conference chambers of other lands, my-gauded officials wondered about the treaty-making post-war days.

They wondered whether Parliament would have to adjourn to make room for an international conference as it now does for a Premiers' Conference.

...HATS

Most intriguing sight for galleryists in many Parliamentary sessions was Prime Minister Curtin with a sheet of blotting paper awkwardly balanced on his head, haranguing Speaker Nairn.

This was no foppish gesture on

CANBERRA

Curtin's part; it was a phase of Parliamentary ritual seldom occurring, little understood.

Occasion was a discussion over a confused situation on an intricate point of procedure.

Survived of the days when all members of Parliament wore their hats in the Chamber. Parliamentary practice demands that at such times speakers must address the Chair with their heads covered.

Weering of hats by Members has fallen into disuse in Australia, although in the House of Commons some members still shelter under their headgear.

So rare has the practice become in Australia that Federalists remember that as far back as 1931 Senator "Digger" Dunn wore his hat into the Senate, causing a stir among those unversed in Parliamentary ritual.

A few months ago Laborite Frank Beman wandered into the Representatives Chamber in bowler and overcoat.

When all members wore hats they kept them on except when speaking. But the rules say that once a division is in progress debate must end. Technically, at this stage, all members then have their hats on.

Therefore, if a member has cause to address the Speaker while a division is being taken his head must be covered.

This old custom of weering hats goes back to the dim, spacious days when members came to Parlia-

ment in cocked hats, swords, long coats and knee breeches.

...WHIP

Busiest of all Canberra politicians in the sudden freak crisis over the militia issue were the party Whips.

Fresh-faced, grey-haired Bill Connelan, Labor Whip from Queensland, spent two days counting heads, hoping each time to find that the count would favor the Government.

He had many conferences with Ministers and members, checked up hats of "pairs," advised members to rehang within earshot of division bells.

Friendly, good-humored Whip Connelan doesn't usually let things worry him. But as Whip to a Government never quite sure of its numbers, depending on the life-saving votes of the Independents, he has some uneasy nights during a busy session.

Upon him and his Opposition counterpart, big-framed Allen Guy, of Tasmania, a lot of responsibility falls.

They must arrange pairs for absent members, act as liaison between Government and Opposition, organise the business of the House to meet Ministerial convenience.

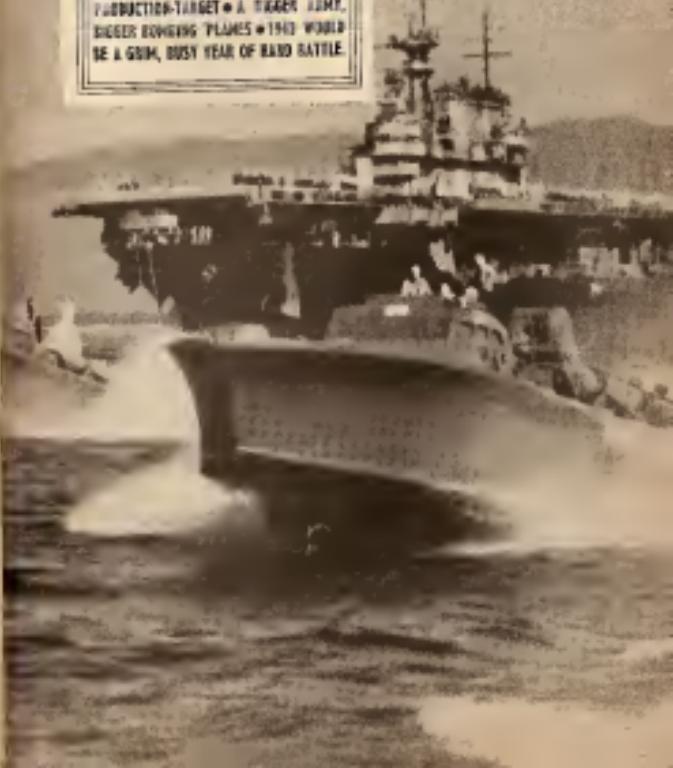
And while the House is sitting they must never leave the lobbies.

For unless they keep a close watch on proceedings a sudden emergency might find their parties unprepared.

Section Four

PACIFIC

WITH VICTORY IN THE AIR THE UNITED STATES SET ITSELF A BIGGER, FASTER PRODUCTION-TARGET • A BIGGER ARMY, BIGGER BOMBING PLANES • 1943 WILL BE A GRIM, BUSY YEAR OF BLOOD BATTLE



...PRODUCTION

It was passing obvious that United Nations' main pre-occupation in the few short months or weeks left to them before the launching of an all-out offensive against the European Axis-partners was production.

From all accounts, it seemed as though they were hell-bent on building up a force that would over-roll Germany quickly, efficiently, completely. Only by such a gigantic blitz could hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions of Allied lives be saved—by a quick, tremendous Allied attack that might end the war in no time at all.

This anxiety to pile up more and more arms might have accounted in some measure for the Churchill-Roosevelt reluctance to send much-needed aid to Australia . . . men concentrating night-and-day on one goal have little interest in any others.

So, in December 1942, the U.S., production-centre of the new world, bottled up its gains, made targets for the future, took stock of the past, hooded in deeper.

Said Ernest Kanzler, of the U.S. War Production Board early in December, "America is producing 55,000,000,000 dollars' worth of war instruments in 1942." Next year (1943), said he, his country would produce half as much again—\$26,250,000,000 in 1943, as against \$17,186,500,000 in Australian pounds. Already plans for

1944 production were well in hand.

Later in the month, British Production Minister Lyttelton, just back from the U.S., revealed that over there he had discussed Anglo-American shipbuilding to the tune of 20,000,000 deadweight tons to be built in 1943.

Explained he: "This colossal total of shipbuilding in a year represents twice the mercantile tonnage the United States controlled before the war."

According to War Production chief Donald Nelson the grimnest fighting, hardest work, toughest all-round shedding was ahead.

Estimated he: "The U.S.A. is now making as many combat weapons as the entire Axis. The United Nations together are turning out twice as many as the enemy.

"We cannot, however, win the war simply by equalising, or even outproducing our enemies. We must have a smashing superiority and maintain it until the end. But victory will be won on the field of bloody battle by our soldiers, sailors, and marines . . ."

What he meant: That, although we were now outproducing the enemy, they had been outproducing us for many a long year; we had a big leeway to make up.

Grimmest of all propositions was rubber. He showed that the U.S. had only 30,000,000 tyre replacements (mostly old tyres, re-treads, reclaimed) to provide a normal need of 90,000,000.

All would be well if the synthetic rubber programme went well; the shortage would be licked by 1943's end. If it went haywire, however, the shortage might well last the U.S.

On the Eve of Xmas, 1942, he stepped again to report that steel-production in the U.S. in 1943 would be nearly twice that of the combined Axis production.

His figures: Production had now reached 89,000,000 ingot tons year; by June 1943, it would reach about 97,000,000. Alloy steel ("Alloy steel means better and stronger projectiles and armor plate") was up to more than 1,000,000 tons a month, would increase next year.

At a Press conference at year's end, Donald Nelson showed some confidence and satisfaction with his year's work. But that was past; another year opened ahead of him. He was already forgetting what had been done, was vigorously planning and pushing the change that now had to be done.

America's 1943 production programme, said he, would be the greatest in his country's history. A year ago, some optimistic forecasts of 1943's production had been made; actual production would greatly surpass even the most optimistic of all these optimistic predictions.

Only a few brief weeks ago, he



AMERICANS FLOAT TRUCKS IN TARPAULINS. The crew combine work with pleasure, doing a hard job but also getting relief from the hot sand and blistering sun.

PACIFIC

and, the gigantic American naval programme had looked somewhat hopeless. Now it looked a whole heap brighter.

Ships were streaming off the shipways—American shipyards, said he, were turning out all the merchantmen that would be wanted in the coming year—and a lot would be wanted.

At mid-December, General Arnold, Chief of the U.S. Army Air Corps put a coating of exciting white wash on the American production scale.

Announced he, addressing graduates of flying schools: "We have a SECRET weapon or two up our aerial sleeves that will deal paralyzing blows to our enemies."

"Within a very few months the Indians and Germans will be feeling the impact of hundreds of planes, dropping bombs not only on one or two nights in a week, but every day and every night."

Bigger, heavier bombers were on the way, he said; Fortresses and Liberators he dismissed as small fry compared with the new bombers coming off the line.

Peakshooters were the deadly 50 caliber machine-guns now in use on American aircraft when you compared them with fire-power being put into the new aircraft.

"Plane-production at present was something more than 4,000 machines a month in the U.S., he pointed out. This was greater than the combined German and Italian production. Pretty soon even that would be doubled.

"I tell you," he said, "that German and Japanese air forces are on the down grade. They have passed their peak. We are just approaching ours in aeroplane production and the training of combat crews."

The U.S., had problems aplenty—all the problems, on a bigger scale, that Australia was facing. Production, manpower—even the U.S., with its seeming millions, had its manpower worries.

Still a matter of heavy argument was the size of America's projected army. President Roosevelt favored a big army, some 7,500,000 strong. Any one who wanted anything less than this was, in his opinion, talking through his hat.

Even if there was as yet insufficient arms, equipment, supplies to give this army everything it wanted, everything it should have, he still favored it. He wanted to get it into immediate training.

Before a Senate Committee, M. Pierre Cot, former French Cabinet Minister, had insisted that France's fall could be traced to the fact that France's army was over-large.

Painfully, diplomatically, President Roosevelt announced that he could not accept this. It might have applied to France; it did not apply to the U.S. M. Cot, he said, had over-simplified the situation—the Luftwaffe, plus Germany's great highly mechanized army had something to do with France's fall.

PACIFIC

Carefully, he made no mention of France's political chaos, the worm of treachery within the framework of her social structure, the debasement of many a French politician.

Before 1943's end, the U.S. would have to have nearly 11,000,000 men to man its war-machine; another 47,000,000 men and women of working age to keep it supplied and going.

Upwards of 1,000,000 men had been already moved overseas; in the short space of a year, were being kept supplied.

...LOSSES

From U.S. Office of War In-

formation came details of American losses in the war's first year. Casualties amounted to 58,357—which included everything, including Philippine Scouts, dead, wounded, missing, prisoners of war.

Of these 8,192 were killed, 6,185 wounded.

Since fighting began in the Solomons the Jap had lost 6,641 known killed—which excluded those who must have been in aerial combat, air-attacks on enemy troops, naval engagements.

According to Japan, she had lost some 40 warships, 65 merchantmen, 556 aircraft; damaged were



NEW YORK COLLECTS SCRAP IN A BIG WAY. American trucks unloading their collections into barges from a dock in the East River.

PACIFIC

22 warships. According to Allied sources, these admitted losses were something less than half her actual losses.

Japanese ship losses, as announced in various U.S. communiques throughout the year: 306 ships, of which 131 were naval craft, 175 non-combatant—supply ships, merchantmen, transports, etc.

At some time, American Intelligence has been busy estimating Japan's all-theatre losses in men since December 7, 1941. From these latest they came to announce that 250,000 Japanese soldiers had been killed or permanently knocked out of warfare.

Of this number, some 37,000 had been Japanese naval personnel, an estimated 10 per cent. of Japan's total.

Announced Colonel Knob: "We have a larger and more powerful navy, measured in terms of tonnage, size, power, or anything else, than the day before Pearl Harbor—or after Pearl Harbor."

By comparison, the U.S. had lost only a bare 1 per cent. of its total naval personnel.

Footnoted he, a few days later, in an article in the *Army and Navy Journal*: "If Japan's maritime strength is cut a few thousand more tons, her lines of communication and supply will be desperately impaired."

"The time is actually close when the Japanese forces in occupied Pacific islands will lack replacements in manpower,

weapons, ammunition, and medical supplies because of her lack of ships."

...TROOPS

In Manchuria, according to an official Chinese review from Changking, the Japanese had concentrated a million men, were feverishly busy building fortifications.

In western Yunnan, near Burma where British troops were making their first tentative thrust back into occupied territory, there were 30,000 Japanese—soon, no doubt, to be reinforced with two more divisions.

Toward December 1 and America's airmen were raining more and more bombs on Japanese targets in China. Said General Sutherland's (commander of U.S. forces in China) communiqué:

"American airmen, in a renewed offensive against Japanese installations in occupied areas, struck at two important objectives. On December 12, our bombers and fighters attacked the enemy's advance base at Tengyueh (Western Yunnan). . . . On December 14 fighters and bombers severely damaged Hainan aerodrome and started large fires in an area where the Japanese had stored oil and munitions."

In Yunnan, it seemed, would soon be some heavy fighting. The Chinese recaptured Hsueh, inflicted some 500 casualties, had encircled a big Japanese force on the Yungtze



Section Two

INTERNATIONAL

THERE WERE DANGEROUS, DECISIVE DAYS AHEAD • 1943 WOULD BE FULL OF THEM; IT WOULD ILLUMINE THE SHAPE OF MANY THINGS • EUROPEAN WAR MIGHT END; THE PACIFIC WAR MIGHT FLARE WILDLY.

...YEAR'S END

There had been a year of war in the Pacific as December opened—a year of war in which Japan had done a lot of good for herself. There were plenty who thought comfortably that the white man now had Japan's measure; that the white man was pushing the Jap back to where he belonged.

Their memories were so short, their perspective practically non-existent. They took no stock that the Jap had thrown the white man out of practically all Asia, that he had taken untold wealth in rubber, tin, oil, a thousand other priceless commodities, out of the white man's possession; that he had taken thousands upon thousands of miles of territory that had once belonged to the white man; that he had hopelessly beaten the white man wherever he met him—except at two points which were barely-perceptible fly-specks of resistance when viewed against the background of Japan's achievements and of the long, hard fight to recapture all those lands, that wealth, that lost prestige.

Many a white man paled that his countrymen were holding the Jap where he stood.

Among other white men, whose visions were clearer, broader, who had more between the ears, there were growing doubts that would not be quieted.

Was the white man holding the Jap? It was obvious that the Jap was not being greatly inconvenienced; he had millions of men who

had done so fighting in date months or more; he had unbounded, unaccustomed riches of rubber, oil, tin, he had a navy which had suffered little real damage; he had a war-machine that had been a building for many a year, a navy he had been adding to secretly, swiftly, while the white man slept, legions of men who had been trained and hardened, many with long experience on China's battlefields, a fanatical determination that has no equal anywhere else on earth, a ruthlessness that is unequalled perhaps even in Germany.

Was the white man holding the Jap?

Many a thinking person thought not. They thought that the Jap was simply holding himself while he consolidated in the lands he had taken, while he prepared airfields, brought up planes, shifted troops, brought up supplies. They thought that perhaps the Jap was prepared to sacrifice temporarily a flyspeck in the Solomon Islands and another flyspeck in New Guinea while he rested his muscles and fed his body and built his offensive defences with his unlike millions of labourers.

There were the first stirrings of uneasiness in the white man's soul land. He had been caught once with his pants down—lulled by years of apparent Oriental inactivity. Would he be caught again? Would he exaggerate (as the Jap no doubt wanted him to) his two small offensives so they

grew to the stature of two great offensives in his own eyes?

Was the white man holding the Jap?

1943 would tell.

In the mean there were outbursts of disquiet and dismay. Some saw the linkless Japanese legions crouching to spring. What apter to them if they lost a few thousand, a few tens of thousands, a few hundreds of thousands in a plunge towards the Australian mainland? The Jap had never worried overmuch about casualties from a human point of view; he had plenty more where they came

from. He would consider the lives well spent if they made a bridge for him to the mainland.

Or perhaps he saw Germany being defeated in Europe, and was digging himself in against the full fury of the Allied world—a fury that would turn loose on him within a few short weeks of the European war's end.

That was a dangerous theory to entertain. That might be one of the reasons why he was digging himself in; the other was undoubtedly in preparation for an assault on the Australian mainland.



BRITAIN'S TANK LANDING CRAFT. At a combined operations exercise "Cossack II" tanks were loaded on the tank landing craft and driven off shore. The "Cossack II" is as steely armed as it can be used as a pillbox but possesses remarkable speed and manoeuvrability; a 8 pounder gun is formidable fire-power.

INTERNATIONAL

How, otherwise, could be peer the preparation of an Allied offensive from the Australian springboard, as had been loudly and widely proclaimed for months? There was no other way.

Was the white man, then, holding the Jap?

Australian Prime Minister John Curtin was not at all satisfied. Back on December 6, he had said, "Our position, had as it was a year ago, serious as it was six months ago and hopeful as it is to-day, remains one in which we have striven for security for this country but remains a position in which victory can be grasped only by risking in the second year twice the strides made in the first year."

It was plain as the nose on your face that Prime Minister Churchill envisaged no great aid for the conduct of the Pacific War until the European war was well out of the way.

He had said, "It may be that the war in Europe will end before the war in Asia. Should events take such a course we should immediately bring all our forces to the other side of the world as the side of America and of China, and above all, to our own kith and kin in Australia and New Zealand, in their valiant struggle against Japan's aggression."

But perhaps that would be too late. No man could tell when the European war would end. And with every minute that passed the Jap was growing stronger. Time

was only on the side of him who used it wisely, efficiently. Australia had used time to best of her advantages; but, laudable as her efforts had been, the strengths of 7,000,000 were puny compared with those of 90,000,000.

Obviously it was that man-and-mouse help had to come from overseas. Australia had almost reached her peak of endeavor, could expect to do little more . . .

All these factors crowded in on and about those who looked at the Pacific War with clear eyes at 1942's end.

So that he could prosecute the Pacific War with more vigor, John Curtin had appealed privately to leaders Churchill and Roosevelt for more help, had received little encouragement. He wanted Japan attacked before she could dig herself in strongly enough to fight a long, defensive war that would be costly in terms of life.

But it was no dice. Said he: "There is no doubt that Japan is consolidating the gains she has made. Delaying an offensive against her makes it certain that the offensive, when taken, will experience a greater resistance."

"Japan's strength must not be allowed to grow; for, in proportion as it is consolidated, it becomes an additional menace for the Asia as a whole."

1943 would answer a lot of questions. Some answers would be happy; others might not be so happy.



INTERNATIONAL

... DEFENSIVE

In Europe the self-styled invincible Germans were fighting a defensive war of the kind they had not hitherto had to fight in this Greater War.

They had been thrown back and-back out of Egypt, back through Libya without pause, back on to Tripoli. That was a start. It could be called very little more.

In its implications, the Allied clean-up of Africa—north, south, east, and west, was full of important significance. But Africa was not yet completely cleaned up.

In Tunisia the Axis was still putting up a stiff show. They had, at December's end, even made a small, local gain. But, for the Axis in North Africa, the jig was up. At worst, they were pinned down to a small corner, isolated, foiled where they could do no great harm.

Soon, there was no doubt whatever, the Allies would drive them out altogether. That was as much a foregone conclusion as anything in war can be a foregone conclusion.

After that, it would be Italy—the weak Axis seed, Italy on which savage Allied bombs were already raining; Italy where, daily, discontent was growing as an anti-war rumble, where leaders, ill-tempered and disillusioned, were beginning to wonder about the strutting little Duke who had led them into this.

Italians had been notoriously happy while they were bombing

scraping Ethiopians; they were clearly proud when their Duke sent a few Italo-geese planes to help the *Lufthansa* try to destroy London; they were excited beyond measure at early Axis victories.

Since then they have been growing progressively gloomier. In the man's war, as it developed, they found themselves broken aside, politically and artificially, by both friend and foe alike.

Their Duke's hollow threats and name-calling, so buoying at the start, began to ring in their ears like the cries of a small boy in a car-crowd.

It needed no one to tell them, no intuition to warn them that the day of invasion was not very far distant.

... NORTH

In the north, the Germans were being roughly pushed around.

From time-to-time *Commodore* has more than hinted that Soviet Russia was holding great reserves of men and material in hand against a day she would choose for her offensive to begin.

Even Stalingrad's travail did not lure these reserves out into the open. Even in the days when it seemed that Stalingrad could not hold out another minute, those who read the signs, noted up the figures, speculated on the known and the unknown had faith in their shrewd, founded suspicion that the Russians, behind their apparent defensive desperation, were mounting an offensive.



CONVOY TO RUSSIA

One of the many dangerous duties carried out by the Royal Navy is running supplies down to the besieged men of the Soviet Union. These sailors are shown, the most overwhelming task not less in its perils than the any aerial mission, by submarine or aircraft against a garrison by night and day, unmoored at an isolated anchorage. It is quite usual for the commander of an submarine destroyer to remain on the bridge almost continuously. The only hope represented is an unbroken line in a roadstead at nightfall, as witnessed by the four hours of darkness in charge of a submarine that has been ordered to the convoy. The sailors shown are of the *Black Prince*, a supply ship that has been making the treacherous passage to the port of Murmansk at the risk of being blown to pieces by the gale. Another officer is taking his turn at the helm in the reduced positions, reducing the risk of excess. They wear the heavy clothing essential to weather all sea, headed double Navy moulds, heavy cap-hats, stockings and sheepskin gloves.

INTERNATIONAL

As 1942 closed over the world seems, that offensive was in full swing.

Not yet won is the war in Europe—not by any means. In truth and fact, the Greater War is yet to be fought; its most dangerous, serious phase is yet to come.

In that phase almost anything might, could, will happen. War's end could well be a long war off or a short war off. The German army, well versed in defensive tactics because defensive tactics are part of offensive warfare, is in great shake in retreat.

It has never been taught the na-

tive of strategic retreat. Only a traitor would suggest that any glorious German army would ever need to know the essentials of withdrawing.

So it is that, as in Libya, when the back of German defensiveness has been broken, when their nerves are put to flight, there is little hope for them. Their break, run.

It might well prove that Germany's armies in Russia, once the war starts, will break and run.

But the war will not be over. There are still great German armies elsewhere that can stand and fight a defensive warfare.



BIGGEST ALLIED CONVOY FIGHTS THROUGH TO RUSSIA. Photo shows a general view of the convoy and a near miss on an aircraft carrier.

INTERNATIONAL

Let one thing be remembered. After Dunkirk, by all the signs and portents, Britain was beaten. She was at the mercy of an offence. She had to stand and take whatever the skies opened to pour on her. Yet she pulled through.

There is no reason to suppose that Germany, even though she were faced with a similar Dunkirk, could not, by some miracle, manage to pull through and make a comeback. There are a million uncontrollable factors in warfare.

And Germany has not yet suffered a Dunkirk.

That Germany is well on the way of losing her campaign in Russia cannot be denied. Only a miracle can save her, as a miracle saved the Russians—a miracle of unflinching heroism.

At year's end, then, Fuehrer Hitler was losing his war in Russia. True that, no more could be said, and no less. That, if he lost this war in Russia, he would be in straitened military circumstances was also admissible.

From across the Channel at first signs of a German rout would come the British and the Ameri-



BIGGEST ALLIED CONVOY FIGHTS THROUGH TO RUSSIA. The biggest Allied convoy to Russia fought through a four-day attack by enemy torpedo planes and U-boats to deliver her cargoes at its Arctic port. Photo shows merchant ship bombed in the convoy.

INTERNATIONAL

ons, tumbling their millions onto the Continent.

Next Spring was everyone's guess, anyone's bet for an Allied invasion. Before then, Allied planes would be tearing the heart out of Germany.

Whether they would succeed only 1943 could tell. In that job, the *Luftroute* had failed, when it tried to tear out Britain's heart. Would the R.A.F. succeed where the *Luftroute* failed? Again 1943 would tell.

READY

For the Allies, 1942 had been a year of waiting, testing, preparing. It was only twelve short months since the last Ally, the U.S., had joined the fray. Until that had happened, no great plan could be laid down.

One thing a lot of people had forgotten was this: That until December 7, 1941, Britain had had no war-winning plan, no hope of doing anything but hanging on until the U.S. came in. In the light of that, tremendous things had been accomplished in these twelve months.

For Germany, on her own showing, 1942 was the war's decisive year—the year in which the outcome would be built; on which it would be largely decided. If she had beaten Russia between July and December, she would have

been safe and snug for many a year. If she lost, as she did, it would go very hard with her.

So Germany's decisive year had passed. Perhaps the Allies' decisive year was at hand. 1943, there was little doubt, would be a year of great doings.

If the Russians could turn their victory into a German rout, the numbers might go up in no time: (1) a host of little neutrals, hoping in for their cut, would declare war on Germany, as a host of quondam vulture-like little neutrals always do at war's end. (2) Even if she was not ready, Britain would launch an invasion of the continent (a) to hasten the end; (b) to have a political finger in the European pie, establish the right to sit strongly at the peace table; (c) to keep a still-wary eye on Bolshevikism to see that it did not spread too far and too rapidly; (3) Russia would declare war on Japan, or each would declare war simultaneously in such quick order that it would be hard to define who hit or declared first. (4) revolutions would break in Europe, springing from one country to the next like signal fires.

1943 might see all of that, or none of it; there was no guarantee of what would happen.

Only one thing was certain: We were winning the war, but we had not yet won it.





TRAINING 'EM TOUGH

Recruits of U.S. forces, wearing full battle equipment, learned through the school in the war defense during training in Fort Monroe, Virginia.

Naval Bases are Vital

ADMIRAL SIR HERBERT RICHMOND

The importance of strategically located, well-equipped bases is now well understood by Pacific peoples.

Since no ship is self-contained for long, and since ships cannot cruise conveniently in waters infested with submarines, torpedo-boats and aircraft, or sown with mines, ships must possess secure harbours from which they can swiftly emerge to meet such situations as arise, and in which they can obtain supplies, be repaired, and rest their crews. Bases have thus two distinct functions to perform—the "administrative" function of supply and repair, and the "operative" function of enabling the fighting ships to be on the spot when and where they are wanted. Though the two functions can be performed by the same bases it is not essential that a base should serve both purposes. The position of a repair base need bear no relation to the enemy's bases or to the lines of communication, and while it is convenient that it should be within, or close to, the area of operations, it is not absolutely necessary. The disadvantage of a distant dockyard is that it involves a long absence from the fleet; and, in any case, some means of making temporary or lesser repairs is needed close at hand. The one indispensable thing is that the administrative base, with its docks,

storehouses and storeships, should be outside the range of serious bombardment.

A base of operations, on the other hand, needs to be as close as possible to the enemy's base and to the objectives to be protected in order that any movement by the enemy may be intercepted before he can achieve his object or regain his own port. A distant base involves alternating in place of continuous control. Thus, until England possessed a base within the Mediterranean, her fleets could only exercise an intermittent control in that sea during the short period between their arrival from England in the early summer and their departure for home in October. With the successive acquisitions of Gibraltar, Mimosca, and Malta the fleet was rendered able to remain continuously on the station.

The same applies to-day, though in a different degree. If the Mediterranean fleet could have continued to use Malta as a base of operations, secure against any form of attack, the passage of enemy supplies from the Italian ports to Libya would have been impossible except fortuitously and at great risk, those reinforcements



"Where am I to Blow Services?"

which enabled the enemy to drive us back from Benghazi, and even to threaten our position in Egypt, could never had crossed the Sicilian Channel. Based a thousand miles away at Alexandria the fleet could not exercise the continuous watch and control that were needed. Thus there are two conflicting terms in the matter of the position of an operations base. The closest proximity to the enemy is desired to ensure certainty and continuity of control, but such proximity exposes the fleet to the risk of being crippled by aerial attack unless or until a completely effective system of protection of ships in harbour can be developed.

In the present war the enemy aims at redressing his weakness in fighting ships by driving the British from their bases by land operations. If his armies could have moved through Syria and Palestine into Egypt, the British fleet would have been forced away from the eastern basis of the Mediterranean, the command of those waters would have passed into enemy hands, and enemy armies could have been carried in safety to East Africa; the East African colonies would have been conquered and naval bases would have been re-established on the East African coast, whence attack on the trade and other communications in the Indian Ocean could have been effectively conducted.

The Army and Air Force, by their continued action in Syria, Iraq, and Persia were, among other things, taking an essential part in maintaining the command of the sea. So, too, we have seen a

continually increasing pressure put upon France to allow the enemy to use the French bases in Algeria and West Africa, and upon Spain to co-operate—or at least to connive—in an attack upon Gibraltar.

By depriving us of the use of Gibraltar, even though it were not captured, the enemy would achieve two objects affecting the command of the sea. Without a base in the Straits the nearest British base to the approaches to the Mediterranean would lie in home waters, whence the distance is too great for naval units to maintain continuous control of these approaches or to interfere effectively with the supplies of an enemy naval and air force based on the West African ports, Dakar and Casablanca in particular. And in spite of the existence of a British base at Sierra Leone, it would facilitate the operations of a strong enemy squadron acting from these ports against the Atlantic trade routes, owing to the want of a suitably placed base from which the countering action could most economically be conducted. Thus Napoleon's saying that "war is a business of positions" is as true of sea warfare as of the land warfare to which he was referring.

The abandonment of the British bases in Ireland—Queenstown, Berehaven, and Lough Swilly—has imposed very great difficulties on the defence of the trade to the westward and contributed, in a marked degree, to the losses of shipping. In the war of 1914-18 these ports were the essential bases of the forces engaged in trade protection. The parts they played,



"He's created . . . one sweet beer at least two blocks away!"

and the disadvantages of not having the use of them, were pointed out correctly by Mr. Churchill, in May, 1938. The Admiralty had trusted, he told the House, at the time of the signing of the Treaty of 1921, that "without the use of these ports it would be very difficult, if not impossible, to feed this country in a time of war" against a country possessing a numerous and powerful fleet of submarines. The reason was that they were essential to the fleet's craft engaged in the operation of hunting submarines and protecting incoming convoys. Without Lough Swilly the flotilla, if working from Larne, would have 200 miles added to its steaming; without Bordon and Queenstown the added distance would be 400 miles.

Strong and unanswerable as the reasons then were, they have since been rendered far stronger by the fall of France, bringing with it the occupation of the whole French coast and giving the enemy bases on the Atlantic coast for his surface craft, his submarines, and aircraft. His bombers operating from airfields on the Atlantic now attack shipping and guide the submarines to the convoys. The British aircraft engaged in the defence have to operate from bases far to the rear, and the handicap imposed on them is even greater than that on the surface flotilla, since the proportion of the distance added to their dashes is greater than that of the surface craft, owing to the greater endurance of the latter.

The importance of bases is strongly emphasized in the opening

of the Far Eastern War. The Japanese attack aimed at the dismemberment of the fleet of the United States in the Hawaiian base and at the capture of the main allied bases at Singapore and Cavite as well as the stepping stones between Pearl Harbour and Manilla—Wake, Midway, and Guam islands. To deprive the Allies of their bases before they could either effect a junction or re-establish their position so that the action of the fleet would be crippled was the obvious intention. To that was added the invasion of the west coast of Malaya which placed the Japanese in possession of Penang and other harbours on the Indian Ocean from which their cruiser and submarine forces could threaten the whole of the communications of that sea—the Eastern trade and the supply route round the Cape of Good Hope which maintains the British armies in the Near Eastern theatre, the Russian armies via the Persian Gulf, and the army in India.

The American base in the Philippines is essential for any sustained and effective offensive against the supply lines of the Japanese armies operating in all parts of China and Indo-China. Hence the military campaigns directed towards the recovery of these several bases will be of the highest importance in the naval war, precisely as the possession of those bases, and the ability they confer upon the Fleet to act in the Eastern seas, is fundamental to any military campaign which the circumstances demand.

—*World War D., London.*



George! The soil you put here to kill the weeds . . . they're using it to eat the lettuce with!

A Soldier TO THE HOME FRONT

PTE. LOUIS H. CLARK

Roll up your sleeves, you can't be spared,
You have a job to do
To help those boys who've gone prepared,
To give their lives for you.

Work means war for everyone—
We all must face the test,
If we all can't shoulder a gun,
Our boys must have the best.

Victory is no mean achievement
Till it hurts, let us give,
And end a hard-tried government,
For we can't triumph with.

Our boys proven courage alone—
Here—too a struggle's fought
We—soldiers on the front at home
Must thus courage support.

With war-bands, voluntary gifts,
Work! Work! with stubborn will,
Each atom of your effort lifts
Our banners higher still.

We must, and we shall win the day,
We'll have no conqueror's charms,
About our wrists we'll not betray
The blood that burns our veins.

Give! Fight! let no purse be filled!
Save that brass and tin
For little metals—huge ships build
Rise up—and work to win.

To what duty are you assigned?
Shame on you—if you've none
Make up your mind and get behind
The man behind the gun.



"D.E. Rippa . . . 1943"

PLANES FOR BRITAIN

Delivering the giant planes to
Britain across 3,000 miles of ocean



Headquarters of the Royal Air Force Ferry Command which delivers American and Canadian aircraft to Britain is at Dorval, near Montreal, where there is a field as big as a prairie, and, besides the usual offices, a wireless school, an inn, a skating rink, and a cafeteria. Here are to be seen airmen in the various uniforms of the Empire, the United States and most of their allies; pilots in leather jackets and sheepskin boots, W.A.A.F.'s of the cipher department; people in ski clothes from the field and the barges; policemen; and ordinary citizens.

The ferry command has several hundred pilots—the exact number is a military secret. Most of these are civilian pilots and about seventy-five per cent of the civilians are Americans. Average age of the group is about thirty, and they all have one thing in common—experience. The North Atlantic, with its fierce gales and long conditions, is no place for a novice. A candidate for the ferry service must have a minimum of 750 hours in the air, a transport license or its equivalent, and instrument rating. The command takes in about eight pilots a week and washes out a third of them.

When a pilot comes to the Ferry

Command, no matter how good he is he goes back to school. For the first week he studies navigation, mostly dead reckoning; the second week, navigation and instruction in the use of oxygen equipment, automatic pilot, de-icer, emergency landing procedure. The third week he tries an examination and the fourth week—it's still with the Ferry Command—he gets to fly a bomber. He will be given ten to twenty-five hours' flight instruction, the idea being not only to make him familiar with the controls, but to teach him the exact technique for transatlantic delivery.

The pilot usually makes his first trip over as a copilot. Then he makes his first trip as a captain pilot in charge of a Lockheed Hudson. The pilots give a cynical reason for this. A Hudson, they say, costs about \$50,000, a Liberator costs \$350,000 and up. A pilot is physically capable of making three trips a month. After five trips he is given a rest. He has to take an oath of secrecy and sign articles which bind him to fitness and obedience.

The pilots are usually returned by air, either by Clipper or in one of the Command's Liberators. Sometimes they come back by boat.

and they have it. If you ask a pilot for a story of heroism in the Ferry Command he will probably tell you about some pilot who took twenty-nine days to come back on a tramp steamer.

Besides the North Atlantic ferry, the Command flies Consolidated flying boats, known as Catalinas, from Bermuda. They cruise along comfortably at 112 miles an hour, and with the usual tail wind make the 3,000 nautical miles to England in twenty-four hours. More than a hundred of these have been ferried and not one has been lost, though one arrived with its stern torn off.

Bombers for the northern route are Bostons across the United States from the American factories by American crews. Canadian crews go to work on them in Canada. Companies are swarming, R.A.F. radio equipment, flotation gear and oxygen tanks are installed. The bombers get a forty-hour check and the aircraft is ready to go. Lockheed Hudsons carry a crew of three—a captain, navigator and radio operator. The Liberators carry five—captain, co-pilot, navigator, flight engineer and radio operator.

Empty, this big aircraft weighs 32,000 pounds, loaded, 56,000 pounds—and every one of them takes off fully loaded. For these bombers are carriers, too, helping to conserve shipping space. There is a freight office at Dorval stacked with packages each marked with a priority number. Besides passengers and mail they carry templates, spare parts, blueprints, radio parts, food, vitamin pills (especially vitamin "A" which helps the night fighters to see in the dark), secret

things and things needed in a hurry. They have carried radium, live frogs—for research purposes—and something which smelled so bad the pilots still wonder what it was.

Now for the flight. The scene is an airport in Newfoundland. Flight LX12, a Liberator, is waiting, ready. Her engines have been rechecked, her fuel tanks "topped" (filled as full (1,800 gallons of petrol!) that not a bubble of air remains—and now she is ready for her 2,200-mile hop. Her captain is Alec Lally, born in Moose Jaw, ex-Mounted Policeman, aged twenty-nine, with 4,500 hours in the air. His radio operator is an English civilian, his navigator a sergeant of the R.C.A.F. going to join a squadron in England.

The ground crew move away from the aircraft.

"All set, Captain."

"Let's go."

The bomber hurtles down the field, inching up into the sky, then begins a wide, careful turn which brings it on course, heading out over the Atlantic. In the aircraft the pilot and co-pilot are busy with refraction gear, stabilizers, fuel adjustments, a dozen things that must be done at once. The radio operator begins to take bearings on known radio beacons. An hour later Captain Lally takes his sheet and compares it with the navigator's chart. He is on his course.

"Radio silence."

From now on the operator will send only pre-arranged signals, at intervals so the Canadian base may follow their progress. Some time during the night a station on the British Isles will take them over

Sometimes the captain will ask for bearings. He will not ask unless he needs them, for other people are listening, too. An enemy station once interrupted a request for bearings and obligingly gave them—false ones, which brought the bomber over the coast of France before she discovered her position.

The three great menaces of the North Atlantic are bad weather, icing conditions and carburettor icing. The pilots watch unceasingly the temperature of the outside air. There comes a sudden crackling against the windows, the wind-sheild turns grey and shimmering.

"Frost crystals. We'd better go up."

As the aircraft climbs, the pilots watch the gauges which measure the temperature of the carburettors. A drop might mean condensation and ice which would stop the motor.

"Temperature falling."

Captain Lilly increases the manifold pressure which increases the heat around the carburettors. The pilots keep as eye on the wings. There is a sheen on them, some frost is forming. The bomber always climbs to the higher, drier air. In spite of the cabin heaters, it is getting cold. At 12,000 feet the captain orders oxygen masks for everybody. He tells the co-pilot to take over and slips from his seat. He stops beside each one of the crew, talks for a moment. It is part of his job to know if they are alert—or if the adenine is taking too great a toll.

Now they are approaching the famous "point of no return"; once across this line they must go on,

no matter what storms or mishaps they encounter, because they have not enough petrol to get back. The weather is good and the air dry. LX12 drops down to 9,000 feet. The crew take off their oxygen masks. They relax, talk, drink mugs of hot coffee. The radio operator tells of an incident of the last trip. They had a passenger aboard and they had put him to bed in a cot in the tail. Later they had to climb to escape icing conditions, and afterward strange noises began to issue from the tail. They found their passenger sitting up, singing, and trying to get up. In his sleep the oxygen mask had slipped off, now he showed all the symptoms of a happy drunk. They had to tie him down until he recovered.

They are nearing the coast ahead of schedule. The crew numbers act as look-outs.

"Aircraft on the starboard beam!"

Everyone has a look. It is a long way off, it is not much more than a black dot, but it suggests the hornet look of a fighter.

"Might be one of ours. Might be a German weather plane . . ." The Germans send out fighters stripped to the last essential, even of their guns, to collect data for their weather maps . . . "Guess we'll go downwind, anyway. It's time we were getting under this ceiling."

They find a hole and LX12 drops through. There is a land below them, grey-green from their height, with the grey water all around it. The new members of the crew crowd the windows, they

can't see enough of it. They fly on toward a line on the horizon.

The line on the horizon is Britain. One of the crew stands ready with the Aldis lamp. They are challenged off the coast and reply with the signal of the day. They are in a prescribed area protected by anti-aircraft batteries and balloon barrages, and they must fly strictly according to orders. Moveable balloon barrages, with the balloons hidden in the clouds, put

beads of sweat on a pilot's brow. They see the houses and church spires and meadows and clear winding roads. There is a field below them so well hidden that they do not recognize it until they are right over it. The faithful masons change their note as they are shot down back. LX12 lets down. Bombs fly—bombs fly—bombs fly—go her three wheels on the runway.

Another bomber for Britain.

Maclean's Magazine, Toronto.



The Job to be Done!

I have no confidence in the superman. I have spent my life among ordinary working people. I am one of them. I have seen them faced with the most difficult problems, place the truth before them—the facts, whether they are good or bad—and their display an understanding, shrewd and generous that confound the wisdom of the so-called great. I consider that the national leaders should frankly state the aims and objects of their foreign policy to our own people. There is no need for secrecy, the people accept the view that there is room on this planet for us all. The nation is also entitled to a frank statement on the currency problem. The nation should know that anything done to her name and with her money power with other people should be made public. We must end the reign of the "King James" of finance, reverse the situation and bring finance under proper public control. There is no easy way about this money problem to those who know. It is made a mystery deliberately.

—Ernest Berlin in "The Job to be Done"

So this is English?

"Since the war English films have made great progress"—a film critic.

One of the greatest English films that we have ever seen was "People on the Moon," adapted from the Scandinavian by Gunnar Grundström and Boleslaw Kryszewski. Additional dialogue by Nilsen Christopher and Ross Headlam. Original music composed by Paul Henreid. Photography by Conrad Veidt. Sound effects by Seth Reinholdson. Directed by Rudolf A. Fiedel.

The English money for the production was loaned by Karl G. Schenckowitch, who has an absolute genius for finding English money for English films. Before the war he was a naturalized Persion; but he is now, of course, a Free Bulgarian,



"Ever since I was a kid I've been wanting to try out on something like that."

TECHNIQUE AGAINST NIPPON

LORD WEDGWOOD

*An astute approach to few methods of
dealing out the loss from his new assessment*

We must suppose that the Japanese are the best fighters the world has known, and discover the way to beat them. (1) They have not yet, after eight years, conquered China. (2) Though they do not require food supplies yet, munitions must go to their troops and "planes and ships over ever-lengthening sea routes. (3) There is, so far, no evidence that their women-folk have the hearts of lions, or even of our own brave women. (4) They must attack, there is no escape for them, since they cannot defend all they have conquered except by further attack. (5) We are still to despise all foreigners; but they seem to do so yet more thoroughly—they have never assimilated even the Koreans after fifty years.

I would focus on these five points for study how to defeat this terrible aggression, and I would call to mind the cheering circumstances that Persians, Huns, Saracens, Magyars, Mongols and Turks have tried it before, and every time the ride receded. Civilization has hidden reserves, even if men's manners have softened in the pursuit of peace. Take each point in turn.

1. Why has China not been conquered? Because the savage blow

strikes the air, and guerrillas close in behind. They cannot catch and kill enough; yet they kill too many to safely leave men and women alive behind. The Chinese morale is not killed, as was the Belgian and the French by the Nazis. It is too late to inspire Siamese, Malays, Burmese, with Chinese morale. It is not too late to inspire Indians; but we are leaving it dangerously to the eleventh hour. There were 300 million Chinese; there are 400 million Indians.

The Indian Army and the British in India will fight all right; but defence stands no chance against the new form of attack, encircling, infiltrating, over fresh landings from the sea, and from the air behind. *Whale v. killer*. The only chance is (as in China) to close in behind, escape to the woods and never surrender. We could not do that in Burma with a hostile papalzine; we might in India, among friendly Indians. Indians have been taught to dislike us, but they do not dislike their own soldiers; the leaders at least are Aryan by birth and western by culture. They share entirely the Chinese repugnance for Japanese manners, methods and concert. They do not, at the mo-

ment, want a constitution; they think, indeed, that it is just too bad of us to suggest terms under which we would leave, now when we are needed to fight. But they are exasperated by the silly doctrine that "Fighting is a job for Master," that we do not want them to fight, that it would be "unwise" to let the Indians have arms. I can guess them saying: "Damn your insolence! You don't know how to fight! *Infarct of purpose, give me the dagger!*"

It was a great concession when the Army and the Home Office allowed Englishmen (even So-called) to have arms in the Home Guards. "They" thought it most risky. Only imminent invasion and the difficulty of voicing their fears in public, created 1,500,000 Home Guards in a night—in Britain. The same old conservative gang in India would rather call an Indian a "traitor" than a comrade. It will need a *Whitewash* now, as then, to get arms into the hands of the people of India. But to defeat Japan, Indians must have the fighting guerrilla morale that arms alone can supply.

2. We must take into account Japan's lengthening sea communications. Consider what Germany's plans have been for circumventing our so-called command of the sea. Raiders, submarines, air bases, and secret service information seem to be their solution of the problem, and it should be ours. The Japanese cannot hold all the myriad islands of the Pacific and Indian Oceans. We, too, might have refuelling stations. These must be islands that we can hold, like Malta or Hawaii (or such as

this Isle of England), whence pirate raids could harry the enemy's coasts, where air bases could be made safe from land attack, where hidden guns and mines could hold ships at a distance. Only it needs a rearing of our ideas, avoiding fleet actions, scrapping amateur battleships and aircraft carriers—all weapons of the old warfare when we had command of the surface of the sea. For no nation now, nor ever again, will have command of the surface of the sea till it has destroyed the power of the air. It needs also getting by force additional bases for the umbrella—and not only in the islands of the Atlantic.

3. There must also be a vulnerable spot to attack in their women-folk and civilians. The women of Britain and America have long ceased to be slaves. So have, demonstrably, the women of Russia. But the women of Japan, of Germany, and the whole array of Axis countries, are still in the dell or "slavery" spot, prostrate before superior beings. Danger affects the two species of women quite differently. The subservient is afraid; the free positively enjoys the spice of danger. No one in London who went through the Blitz would rather not have done so. It is like mountaineering, or small boat sailing, or skydiving—each with a thrill of exhilaration at the end. But the dell, or farmyard utility bird, can be scared good and proper, and then ceases to be useful and becomes infectious. Nothing affects the men in the workshops so much as the morale of their women and

children. Sooner or later their terror affects husbands in the Army also. That is the point of bombing Tokyo, Osaka, Kobe and Berlin; it is plainly futile to bomb London or Moscow and provide free women with masters for congratulation; it is plainly useful to terrify dolls and slaves.

4. Why must the Japanese go on attacking? Why not dig in and "sit pretty"? Because the line they hold, stretching across half the world from the Himalayas to the Aleutian Isles, is too thin. They cannot be everywhere in force. Stand still, and they give time and opportunity to the United Nations to attack at any selected point in 10,000 miles. Stand still, and they are surrounded by enemies. Feeding is only possible by fresh raids and conquests. How are they to live standing still? They must go on — to India, Australia, Africa, Borneo — till they die, or we make peace. Our armed forces cannot everywhere be strong enough to resist the punch — say more than theirs can. We dare not make "peace" with Imperial Japan, and allow them time to organize the conquered countries for a fresh spring. They have got to assimilate the rest — Malaya, Burma, Indians, etc. They will be told to do so, and will obey. Yet they must also have been told to do so with the Chinese. It makes no difference; neither soldiers nor Government can so suddenly change their skin or convert their contempt. If there are Koreans or Formosans or Malaya in the Japanese army or navy, it will be as servants. They can no more assimilate the East than we can. But they can make them work. When we attack, wherever we attack, in invaded territory, we shall be welcomed.

5. Can Japanese assimilate those they conquer? From Korea and Formosa, where they have been

leds nearly half a century, as well as from China, comes the answer, No! The fact is, they are uniquely different from all men. Here in Britain we have in the last 3,000 years been over-run and colonized and mixed a dozen times; and still we are reported insular, proud and bad masters. The similar island of Japan has been, for at least 3,000 years, almost completely isolated ethnologically. Their pride and contempt for other races will have grown with their continual triumph in arms and arts and intelligence. There is something inhuman in their contempt for suffering, endured or inflicted. White men have exploited, enslaved, and murdered the less civilised and weaker — a shameful record. But State-directed, calculated, systematic debauchery and degradation of their victims is an inhumanity unknown outside the Japanese Empire. It is the spitoon of Hitlerism.

It is obviously politic that they should fraternize now with Malays, Burmese, Indians, etc. They will be told to do so, and will obey. Yet they must also have been told to do so with the Chinese. It makes no difference; neither soldiers nor Government can so suddenly change their skin or convert their contempt. If there are Koreans or Formosans or Malaya in the Japanese army or navy, it will be as servants. They can no more assimilate the East than we can. But they can make them work. When we attack, wherever we attack, in invaded territory, we shall be welcomed.

—*Contemporary Review, London*



PARIS UNDER THE JACKBOOT

The Iron heel stamp through the Arc de Triomphe and Parisians silently now vengeance

I am coming from the Bagneux by way of the Rue de Rome and the Rue Turenne. It is very quiet, the smell of the streets has changed, the faces are pallid; this is not the Paris I used to know. Condemned to two years' imprisonment for attempted desertion from the army to England, but given the benefit of the First Offenders Act, I have come back to Paris.

The passers-by walk slowly, the wooden shoes ring upon the pavements, echoing like the corridors of some haunted chateau where ghostly presences still linger. Mechanically I follow the line of shops. They are all dead, ranged like coffins along my way. The only cars belong to Germans. Bicycles pass slowly—as if a factory shift had just come out—only it is never-ending. The crowd lengthens like a shadow; two or three German uniforms stand out in the procession. All these Parisians have an uneasy look, their eyes hazy, they live in a secret inside world, beneath an armor of pride—never lifting the mask, even on the execution ground.

In their day-to-day duel with hunger, it is not the body that runs the greatest risk, it is the soul; but the soul of Paris has never lost possession of itself. "I dreamt of pork pies last night," a boy said in the Metro this morning, and

everyone smiled. There is a certain brand of irony in the Parisian air under which the city clocks its shame . . .

Place de la Concorde. The square is almost empty. And yet it is nearly noon. A German officer in full dress uniform appears to be waiting for something to happen.

Four military buses draw up, camouflaged mud-color. They are packed with helmeted Germans. They have come from Satory, from the Ecole Militaire and from Mont Valerien—the bloody hill, as the Parisians call it because of the shootings. This company is to mount guard, as they do every day, and they are men of a Pioneer division. Their uniform is black with yellow facings. They wear heavy boots and daggers in their belts. Two hundred strapping louts line up in marching order, and the officer takes the lead. Behind him are the drums, the trumpets and the brasses.

"Stilgestanden der bewegten March!"

The word of command falls like a whip-lash. There is a second's silence, and then, with three thunderous rolls on the big drum, a hymn of war bursts out in the Champs Elysees. Not one pigeon flies up; they have deserted Paris. The music blares, and the black

troop goes up towards the Etoile. Two German cars clear the way. Two others bring up the rear, filled with non-commissioned officers whose eyes are glazed to the street behind them. I follow at a respectful distance. There is not one Frenchman on the pavement, it is a contemnable occasion.

The neighboring streets are full of police; from time to time a whistle blows. I pass the Auberge Alsaciene—"Fuer Beethoven-raphael reuevater"; the Marignan cinema has been turned into a "Swastika-Kino"; on my right, a little beyond the old Figaro offices, there is a big movie showroom which has been made into a bazaar for anti-British propaganda—the twisted remains of a Spitfire are on view.

Marbeuf and George V tube stations are still open, and the Parisians, emerging into the upper air and taken by surprise, wait on the steps or peer into shop windows, presenting their backs to the street, as the band and the procession pass. For the past two years, regularly between midday and one o'clock, the Germans have paraded the Champs Elysees, unapplauded, unsmiled.

On the roof of the *Paris-Partisan*, beside the aerial, flutters a huge German flag, and, on the left, outside the old *Maison du Tourisme*, now a Nazi propaganda bureau, another red flag, an immense insult, flag in swastika in the fitful gusts of the wind. The German band plays hymns after hymns with clockwork precision, and like clockwork the squad of men responds. The company advances towards the Arc de Triomphe.

Will they go through or round? At the corner of the Rue de Presbourg, beside the *Astoria*, the brasses cease; then, with a yell on the drums like a challenge, they break with a grand fanfare into "Deutschland ueber alles." And they don't turn. The passing company passes over the tomb of the Unknown Soldier, narrowly missing the flame, shaking the flower-laden tomb, crushing beneath its boots the humble offerings of poor people, and disappears beneath the hallowed vault.

Now they have passed, and turn to the right towards the Avenue Wagram, and then they return by the same route as they came, to the same rhythm, with the same din, through the same deserted streets.

No need to follow them farther. I have seen all I need; I have been reacquainted.

He was a big fellow, with a tall, well-built frame and delicate features in a soft round face, white as milk beneath his burns. When you spoke to him about the misfortunes of others, he gave lost himself in the distance, in a world less narrow, less wretched. He looked as if he had found a philosophy for living. He had stripped his religion of all that was clerical, all the pettiness of the over-devout, retaining only the virtues of charity, a bright faith and a kind of subconscious dream of martyrdom. He was a sort of the Red Belt.

After the armistice he returned to his brand new church where the mortar was still damp. Since he had red blood in his veins, he

joined the ranks of the French rebellion, and worked out within the framework of underground activity his idea of a Christian of these times. No fashionable confessor, or juggler with words and subtleties, he was certain of his heaven, he was utterly unsparring of himself.

He was a side-line in the war against the Germans. He was a forger. False papers, false passbooks, false identity cards and even false *dossiers* (passes)—he made them all. The only papers he never forged were milk or bread cards. He supplied whole battalions of fighters in France; he was the appointed supplier for all those outside the law. His painted, scratched, etched, printed, matted wax, and could sign better than Strelitzburg himself. To his friends he was known as "Saint-Sulpice."

Thus he was spared the use of knife, pistol or revolver. Things were simplified for him.

His mother lived with him. She was a tiny woman, and spoke little. Her large, luminous eyes, behind silver-mounted spectacles, which constantly slipped down her nose, were the most striking feature of her face. She was much less advanced than he is politically; she understood charity better than justice. Her life revolved round her son. She had seen three wars, three invasions. The father was buried somewhere to the north of Rhéims.

I have spent many hours with those two, perched on the Ronde, or in the cellar, where they had fired up a small laboratory. The cow used to sit there for hours before his little lamp, his sticks of

sealing wax and his moulds, trying to imitate the seals of all the prefectures of France, drawing with the aid of a magnifying glass the most complicated coats of arms. In the midst of his orange-colored "Feu Zeal" passes, his white "Premier" passes, in an armful of inking pads, faded photographs, bent over his drawing board, he looked like some medieval monk, illuminating each capital of the Acts of the Apostles.

One day at six o'clock in the evening, when he was just about to say Mass, the Gestapo came for him. They searched everything, even prising up the tiles in the kitchen. They made him undress. An Austrian who was present told a policeman later that, when the German officer informed him with a peer that he had finished, he replied, "Thanks! It'll encourage religion in the neighborhood."

The mother was arrested.

I paid a visit to a *petit quartier* in the front line. By roundabout ways and winding alleys I find my way to the company headquarters. There is no barbed wire, no burning hillside, nor smoking tracks, and the trees lining the boulevard do not stretch out their bare branches to the sky like ancient stumps. There are no shells, nor bullets, nor shrapnel. Yet . . .

In the distance, outside Paris, one can see the outline of a gasometer with the gas chamber deflated, and, to the west, the conical chimney stacks of the power-station, sticking up into the air like immense iron funnels. It is a desolate landscape. And the cold wind adds to the coldness of inanimate objects, to the greyness of the



"Well, dad, the drought's over."

walls, to the dying shop. It is no longer the residential quarter of Paris, criss-crossed by streets and blind alleys, and not yet the suburbs, chequered with red roofs; it is a noxious region, where everything is crouched close to the earth, except the hospitals, the dispensaries and a few new houses.

It is here that the post is located. Arriving at the address given to me, I go down a dark hallway. Having made myself known, I go down into the cellar with my friend, the woman leader.

Five men with granite faces are waiting near the door. The feeble light filtering into the cellar sketches them in with harsh, rough strokes. One can imagine oneself twenty-five years back, in a trench, before the dawn attack, between the last shell and the first wave over the top.

"One of us," says my guide to his friends. The youngest shakes my hand so hard that the bones are bruised. He might be nineteen. Before the war he rode a carrier tricycle. He was a grand boy for a well-known confectioner, and his knowledge of the wealthy quarters of Paris covers not only the streets, but also the insides of the blocks of flats and all the tradesmen's entrances. While he is talking to me, I imagine him as he must have been two years ago, returning with an empty basket, playing tunes on his bicycle bell, riding with his hands in his pockets.

Yesterday, all these men earned their living with bicycles; to-day the bicycle is their weapon of war. They are the *Cyclistes* of the

famous brigade of *carte-frises*, the Commandos of the Paris army. When night comes, they go hunting the Nazi, and their knives find frequent victims. They work alone. Either they succeed or they do not return. Many are relatives of hostages, sons of prisoners. Their knives strike true between German shoulder-blades.

The chief of the *petit poste* has produced an electric lamp taken from the body of a German. He plays the beam over the cellar wall, disclosing a series of algebraic signs chalked up on the brickwork.

+ means one German killed.
++ means one German officer killed.

O means an assassination.
X means a poisoning.
— means a patriot who has died on the field of honour.

I do not dare to work out the ratio. The light goes out. The cellar relapses into gloom. The chief says something to me. The words float past and become confused. I try to pay attention, but only hear the end: "Nowadays vengeance grows faster than weeds . . ."

I leave the *petit poste* to go back to Paris. Paris, where they will hunt to-night. I hear the deep, slow notes of the Savoyards tolling. The notes float out from Montmartre, vibrating on the air to the rhythm of a pendulum. Plus . . . minus . . . plus . . . minus . . .

How many more before it ends?
—La France Libre, London.



MATERNITY



Remy Steine

The Dagger is Poised

NYM WALES

A mighty hand on Japan's front door
preparing to strike swift Alfred support

Across the strip of sea which divides the Japanese islands from the mainland of Asia is the long narrow peninsula that the Japanese have called "the dagger pointing at the heart of Nippon." Japan had to fight two wars with China and Russia before she was able to occupy it in 1910 and establish herself for the first time as a continental power. The people were suppressed, railroads were built, harbours were made accessible, and Korea became a stepping stone for the seizure of Manchuria.

To-day Korea is perhaps the most vulnerable spot in the rear of the Japanese Empire. It is here that the first internal revolt is expected. It is here that the Japanese are most afraid of what they call the "dangerous thoughts" of freedom. Twenty-five million Koreans are preparing for a day of retribution, and they believe that the day is at hand. Too weak to act independently, they have been waiting for a favourable moment during a war between Japan and the United States or between Japan and Soviet Russia, one or both of which they have considered inevitable. They have not wanted a premature explosion, for they know their final uprising must be successful or they will be

ruthlessly destroyed. Japan will stop at nothing to hold this strategic gateway to the continent of Asia.

Little has been known of Korea since 1931, for it is a complete police state. Censorship has been 99 per cent. effective. There has not lately been a single correspondent in the country. The few missionaries dared not speak or write, even when they returned home. It is true, however, that few important happenings have occurred inside the country in the past few years, so excellent has been the technique of suppression. A large number of persons have been placed under arrest, mostly for political reasons. But, with all their suppression and cleverness, the Japanese have not been able to secure active co-operation from the Korean population. The few who pretend to co-operate have their own motives, seeking information and strategic positions for future usefulness. There are the Korean mercenaries who follow in the wake of the Japanese armies to sell opium or earn a precarious living, but these degraded elements are of little account, despised at home and often of the criminal class.

Japan has never dared to build a colonial army in Korea, as his



"I asked the boss for a promotion and look what he gave me!"

been done in most colonies, nor create a native administration. Until 1938 Japan never dared conscript Koreans for duty abroad. The few that were then conscripted seem to have promptly mutinied, killed their Japanese officers, and escaped to join the Korean volunteers. Since then little has been heard of Korean soldiers among Japanese troops. Koreans and Japanese alike will tell you that the Japanese never trust any Korean, and never underestimate the Korean threat to their regime.

Thus far armed uprisings inside the peninsula have been impossible, but attacks have been launched from Manchuria, where there are a million Koreans in exile. Every year since 1910 Koreans have carried out raiding attacks over the border, assassinations of Japanese officials, and sabotage of one kind or another. The Koreans at home have maintained a constant and very successful civil disobedience campaign somewhat in the Gandhi style. Japan has tried to force the Koreans to learn the Japanese language, to worship at Shinto shrines, to forsake Christianity. The conquerors have tried to re-stamp the ancient feudal psychology, religion and culture, in order to prevent the growth of dangerous thoughts, while imposing on the surface a modern Japanese transport and industrial system. But tension between conqueror and subject mounts higher and higher.

Primarily, this is because there are deep-lying economic problems in Korea that Japan has been un-

able to solve. The country remains semi-feudal and undeveloped. Japan has been too weak financially to rebuild the structure from the ground up. Her own poverty has caused her to be a robber empire-builder, looting the people through heavy taxation and carrying off surface wealth, rather than building the basic industry and improving the agriculture of Korea. This is the inherent weakness of the Japanese colonial method everywhere—lack of surplus capital to export. Even before her entry into the war Japan monopolized more than 85 per cent. of Korea's foreign trade. The profit from such exports to Korea have gone largely in building up Japan's war machine.

The important thing about Korea in the present war is not only its strategic position, but the strong and experienced nationalistic movement inside its borders. This Korean movement is peculiar in that it has been so largely in exile, for the Japanese drove out most of the leaders—soldiers, educated youth, and especially pro-American Christians. Of the million Korean exiles in Manchuria, at least 80,000 are armed and trained troops. And there are others who will be immensely valuable in espionage and sabotage work. The reference to pro-American Christians recalls the fact that, although there are only half a million of them in Korea, Christianity has been the leading religion, as Japanese writers admit. This is because it was adopted by the modernized bourgeoisie and intellectuals and became the focal point of the middle class independence

movement. As in medieval Europe, Protestantism in Korea has been a revolutionary force in breaking down the feudal society. Apart from the Catholic Philippines, Korea is the most thoroughly Christianized nation of the Orient, from the point of view of Christian influence over culture, education, leadership and political ideology. Koreans make devout and understanding Christians and support their own churches voluntarily. They have had to suffer deeply for their religion.

American influence in the Korean Christian movement has been very strong. Americans brought the first modern education to Korea, and their students went to the United States before the Japanese occupation. The Koreans are now hoping for American aid in winning their independence.

There are many groups in Korea strongly differing from each other, but united in their detestation of Japan. The Communists are the strongest political party, and they have also influence with other parties and groups. A democratic programme has been formulated on which all parties have agreed to co-operate. The basis of this programme is bourgeois-democratic, aiming to establish a free republic and providing for the overthrow and confiscation of Japanese imperialist interests. Today this united national front against Japan is operating a new situation, in which conditions for successful revolt are becoming more and more favourable. That Koreans will take advantage of every Japanese misfortune is certain.

—*Pacific Affairs, U.S.A.*



Signs of the Times

Java Shaved Fins Not Responsible for Accidents

—Barber-shop Burn in New York

Gladly Iron Jap Shirts Free—Customs in There

—Chinese Laundry Shop is Beastly

Japanese Business Welcomed Home

—Underwriter's Dogs in Detroit

Protected by Isolators, a North-warmer placed dresses in his mouth and lit the fuse. He will be remembered as a man of parts

Retaliation

A Norwegian American with a large empty sack walked into a German delicatessen store in New York, where he and his wife had been shopping for years. He filled the sack with goods and marched out. The proprietor ran after him shouting protests, but the Norwegian American cried, "I am doing to you what your god-damned Hitler is doing to Norway", and the policeman across the street only laughed.

Text by Louis Adams in "Free-West Presser" (St. Louis, New York)

Schmidt, Hitler's Shadow

ALBERT BRAND

When the *Postman* wrote in his column about collaboration Schmidt modified the words

The most overworked Nazi in Europe to-day is a huge, portly scholar named Paul Schmidt. When Hitler discovered him six years ago, he was an obscure translator in the German Foreign Office. He was not even a member of the Nazi Party. Today Paul Schmidt is the most powerful of the unknown Nazi mighty. He is the Fuehrer's personal interpreter, confidential adviser and recorder. He has been decorated by every European nation. He is the "third man present" at all of Hitler's private deals in the Balkans, in France, in Italy, in Norway.

What makes him dangerous to the Nazis and important to the world is his famous "little black book," wherein are recorded the most important documents of the Second World War—the exact details of every conversation Hitler has had with Mussolini and Petain, Laval and Franco, Maisky and Cvetkovich. A New York publisher once cabled Schmidt an offer of £18,000 for his memoirs, but it is a gift-edged bet they will never see print. For Schmidt, an honest man with too many secrets, knows how to keep his mouth shut.

Six years ago, Hitler, who can speak only German, needed an in-

terpreter whom he could trust implicitly, someone with ability and a talent for being inconspicuous. Paul Schmidt fits the bill perfectly. Well over six feet tall, unremarkably Nordic, he was a Doctor of Philosophy, a widely-travelled linguist. He was born forty-five years ago in Saxony, son of a school-teacher and a half-French mother, who gave him his first love of books and languages. Attached to the German Intelligence Staff during the last war as an interpreter, he interviewed captured French and British officers for military information.

Schmidt was discovered by Hitler through an accident. It was at a diplomatic reception, where the whole diplomatic corps stationed in Berlin was present. Overhead Hitler had some difficulty in understanding the German of the French chargé d'affaires. (At times when he considers it important, Hitler will listen attentively even if he doesn't understand a word.) Dr. Schmidt was near by. He broke into the conversation and delicately snatched out the difficulties. Hitler, impressed with Schmidt's tact and agility, insisted from that date on that Dr. Schmidt should be his personal interpreter. He has not left Hitler's



New words out for animals.

side during any negotiation of importance since.

Schmidt is one of the few persons whom the Fuehrer likes wholeheartedly as a human being. From the beginning he has had great influence on Hitler's speaking voice and behaviour at diplomatic interviews, smoothing the Fuehrer's crude German, teaching him the mores and methods of international bargaining. Through long and close relationships Schmidt, too, has acquired many of Hitler's characteristics. As conferences he follows the dictator's emotions, copies the pitch and inflection of his voice. When Hitler in 1938 shouted at Sir Horace Wilson, Britain's peace envoy, "Ich werde die Tschechen verschlagen!" Schmidt imitated the Fuehrer by pounding a fist on the table, bellowing in English: "I will smash-sh the Czechs!"

But Hitler does not shun at conferences uninterestedly. If he weeps or roars, it is effect. It means that he is not interested in argument or negotiation. The atmosphere of an interview is more important to him. Several times during crucial conferences Schmidt has had a serpentine effect on Hitler. Once the Fuehrer blandly got up and walked out of a meeting with French envoys, Schmidt asked the Frenchmen to remain. Half an hour later Hitler returned to resume the talk. Schmidt is also credited with having prevented a rupture of Anglo-German relations at Godesberg when Chamberlain met Hitler for the second time. Had he not effected a reconciliation war would probably have broken out a year

earlier than it did.

Hair-splitting accuracy and diplomatic tact are always necessary on the part of Schmidt, but the Munich Conference of 1938 is considered his masterpiece. In the Brown House in Munich were gathered the four most powerful men in Europe—Doladier, Chamberlain, Hitler, Mussolini. No one of them could wholly understand the other. Schmidt towered above the assembled rulers and diplomats, his bald head turning quickly from side to side, from statesman to statesman, firing off translations with machine-gun rapidity. He had no time to take notes. While he spoke, he memorized what was being said by the others. Thus Schmidt alone knew the intimate conversation of all those present.

On that historic day Schmidt remained at Hitler's side for sixteen hours. Afterwards he was present at the final meeting between Hitler and Chamberlain, where the Anglo-German declaration was drawn up. The British Prime Minister was so impressed with Schmidt's work that he asked him to be interpreter at his last meeting with Doladier, an unprecedented gesture in diplomatic annals.

Most secretive of all conferences are those between Hitler and Mussolini. Schmidt was with the Fuehrer and Duce at the Palazzo Venezia in Rome, in the Chancellery in Berlin, in the railway carriage at Brenner Pass, in the Duce's Palace in Venice. He listens in on the only other wire to all the numerous telephone conversations between the two dicta-

tors. A Hitler-Mussolini interview is a study in caricature. The role of the interpreter is very important. Il Duce is enormously proud of his linguistic ability. He stubbornly insists on speaking German to Hitler, because he cannot bear to have Italian translated into German, and considers it an insult if Schmidt translates Hitler's German into Italian. But the Duce's German is so Latin in phrasology and accent that it can be understood only if you know what he wants to say.

Schmidt records the conversation of the two dictators, never interrupting or correcting Mussolini, until Hitler looks at him appealingly. That is Schmidt's cue to repeat everything the Duce has said in the guise of a question. The conferences are frequently highly tense affairs, since Mussolini often becomes excited and speaks too quickly, while Hitler lapses into his throaty Austrian dialect which the Duce cannot understand at all.

—*The Forum, Jacksonville*



Invitation to the Waltz

A large number of the "popular" ladies who attend dances at the African Club have developed a very ugly and unnecessary habit. If a gentleman wishes to be seated to five or six of these ladies each of them will demand a tin of chocolates, a tin of coffee or at least a packet of biscuits to herself. One tin of chocolates opened and handed round among all of us will not be appreciated, nor will the lady who is given a tin of chocolates or coffee, etc. hand it round in a decent social manner. She will hand it, add to her hoard a proportion of whatever number of bottles of beer may be given to her. As often as not she brings a small child to carry away these spoils after the dance. If she can get away with a can of toffees, there are four packets of biscuits and three or four bottles of beer, she feels the evening has been a success. If she has to go as near empty-handed, she will feel ashamed before her friends, who will feel justified in casting to the conclusion that she is not really a "popular lady" after all.

Nigerian Eastern Mail

By Their own Hand

A gang of German soldiers who recently arrived in Norway from the Eastern Front began to attack peaceful citizens on the streets of Oslo in order to terrorize the population.

One of the Norwegian citizens complained to the German Commander, who refused to believe him. The Norwegian, however, persuaded the Commander to put on civilian clothes and see for himself. They went out into the street together but had not gone far before German soldiers attacked them and knocked down the Commander.

The German soldiers were punished and then sent to a detention camp at Aremark.

—*The Royal Norwegian Governmental Information Office Bulletin, Maurice Lassan-Norcott, in The Daily Mail, London*

Europe's Food Plight

ROLF TELL

The mouse did not live to spell in the year 1925 1938 as they are doing now.

Regulations issued by the *Reichskanzleramt* of Salzburg state that, in the Führer's opinion tobacco is one of the most dangerous poisons; a moral obligation therefore rests on every member of the Nazi party and *Volksgewissens* not to smoke. Decrees have been published that smoking is prohibited not only in the offices of the N.S.D.A.P., but also in all offices under the *Reichskanzleramt*.

—*Munichener Medienmache Röschenschrift*.

ine descended upon a land so fertile as France. Everything, too, would be in vain if the future were enfringed by the younger generation not receiving more or less normal food.

—*Le Temps*, Paris.

★

A mother whose little boy, after having undergone a slight operation, received a ticket for supplementary milk for one week, presented this ticket at the *Mairie*. There she was told that in return she must give up tickets for meat and fats. Since it was the end of the month and she had no tickets left, she had to give up one quarter of the child's tickets for the next month, so that, just when the boy was getting better, he would be unable to have the meat and fats he needed.

—*L'Orneau*, Paris.

★

As a result of the recent disorders there a much land which has not been cultivated, much land remains unknown, and this is very regrettable. Consequently, there is not enough bread or fodder, there is no assistance available for refugees, and even the more peaceful districts are suffering. Famine is threatening the entire

country, and it will be followed by epidemics. And next winter the position will be much worse. It is obvious that many people will die of starvation.

—*Frederik, Belgrade*

★

The food situation in Greece remains desperate. The system of barter is carried on on a large scale. If money is paid, the prices are fantastic. Inflation is increasing, and one sheaf of meat costs 2,500 drachmas. The prices of some goods have increased by 5,000 per cent. The owners of houses are selling them to buy food on the black market, regular rations amounting only to 16-24 grammes of bread per day, and meat rations to next to nothing twice monthly. Sometimes, however, there is no meat for four months. The ration for olive oil is 160 grammes for six months.

—*Svenska Dagbladet*, Stockholm.

★

With regard to the food situation, the fact that so many formerly stout friends are now thin

proves that reducing does not now provide a problem. A few days ago those taking part in a big business luncheon in one of Oslo's most prominent restaurants had to bring their own potatoes in bags. Private persons are entitled to 200 grammes (?) ounces of meat every third week, but there is no guarantee that they will get it.

—*Dagens Nyheter*, Stockholm.

★

A chemist in Helsinki told a columnist that digestive complaints were rampant in Helsinki, and were evidently caused by the increased use of paraffin oil in cooking. Since the new regulations limit the sale of paraffin to parents, children wiser are borrowing children.

—*djen Saarela*, Helsinki.

★

You should compare the position of labour in the Democracies with the life of the workers in Germany. There, labourers like the kings, possessing motor cars.

—*Nora Barks*, Belgrade
—*From World Digest*, London.

★

Was Her Face—White?

On a bear street corner in Berkeley, California, Mrs. Margaret Wilson, blind since birth, was waiting for someone to help her across the street. A man stepped up and asked: "May I go across with you?"

"I would be very glad if you would," replied Mrs. Wilson sheepishly.

After they had crossed safely, the man thanked her. Mrs. Wilson was surprised, for she was about to thank him. "You know," she was continue, "when one has been blind as many years as I have, it's a mighty big favor to have someone help you across the street." —*Smiling Magazine*, U.S.A.

HISTORY IN THE MAKING

MONTH OF DECEMBER, 1942

DECEMBER 1: German armies were facing a crisis on the central Russian front, were battling grimly in the Don-Volga area. In Tunisia the British First Army was pushing on.

DECEMBER 2: The German's winter line on the central Russian front was broken; Soviet troops were driving the Nazis back, still further isolating the 22 encircled German divisions west of Stalingrad.

DECEMBER 3: In Russia, Soviet troops were still gaining ground, in Tunisia both sides were busily building up forces for a decisive blow. In New Guinea the fighting was bitter.

DECEMBER 4: Japan attempted to land reinforcements, supplies on Guadalcanal Island, lost nine ships, 7,000 men.

DECEMBER 5: The Russians were still advancing on central and southern fronts, isolating strong points, spreading out behind them. Axis troops recaptured Djedda in Tunisia, inflicted—and suffered—heavy losses in an all-in tank battle.

DECEMBER 6: American bombers made their first raid on Italy, blated Naples is devastating visit.

DECEMBER 7: Fighting was grim, bitter in Russia and in Tunisia. In Papua Allied troops had broken

through the Jap lines to the beach near Buna.

DECEMBER 8: There was increased air fighting over New Guinea, Jap losses were heavy. There was heavy tank fighting in Tunisia.

DECEMBER 9: Tunis, Northern Italy, shuddered and shook after an R.A.F. raid, while in Russia things were going badly with Axis forces.

DECEMBER 10: Allied forces had completely occupied the Gona area, Papua, were squeezing the Jap troops into a small pocket at Buna. Tarin was raided for the second successive night.

DECEMBER 11: The Germans were attacking strongly with tanks at Tebarba, but at El Aghila the initiative was held by the Eighth Army.

DECEMBER 12: British-American raids were made on Turin and Naples, Italy, on Rouen, France; American raids on New Georgia, Solomons.

DECEMBER 13: The British Eighth Army was breaching through Rommel's lines at El Aghila, the Afrika Corps was fleeing westward towards Tripoliants.

DECEMBER 14: There was fierce fighting in many parts of the Russian front, in Tunisia and in Papua.

DECEMBER 15: The Japs launched a major effort to establish a new base in Papua, suffered severe losses of men and materials. Nazis were still fleeing in front of the British Eighth Army, showed signs of breaking before new Russia.

DECEMBER 16: The Germans were still retreating across Libya, were being pounded from the air. Japs

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were being hammered in Papua.

DECEMBER 17: British and New Zealand forces made a thoughtless sweep to outflank the fleeing Nazi forces in Tripolitania, cutting through the column, mauling entrapped forces. Soviet forces were rolling forward again on central and Stalingrad fronts.

DECEMBER 18: The British Eighth Army was 90 miles west of El Agheila, was still pushing on.

DECEMBER 19: In England, the United States, other Allied countries, apprehension of the complications that may follow Admiral Darlan's assumption of control of French forces was freely expressed.

DECEMBER 20: On the Middle Don front the Red Army had broken through, was taking large numbers of prisoners, much booty. India's Eastern Army had crossed into Burma, was advancing towards Akyab.

DECEMBER 21: The Soviet's two-prong offensive in the Middle Don was still rolling back the German forces. The British Eighth Army was 150 miles west of El Agheila, in Tunisia slight Allied gains were made, in Papua tanks were being used by the Allies for the first time. Americans were consistently raiding Jap positions in the Solomons. From Britain huge raids were being launched on Western Germany.

DECEMBER 22: The German retreat before the advancing Soviet troops in the Middle Don was becoming disordered, verging on a rout.

DECEMBER 23: Continuing their

raped, irresistible advance, Russian troops were once more in the Ukraine, were still pushing on. From Papua came reports of bitter fighting.

DECEMBER 24: Admiral Darlan, High Commissioner for North Africa, walked into his office in Algiers, was met by waiting assassin, fell mortally wounded.

DECEMBER 25: The Soviet offensive was still rolling on, gathering momentum. In Papua the Japs were being slowly pushed back.

DECEMBER 26: General Giard, straight, politics-abhorring, dependable, was appointed successor to Admiral Darlan.

DECEMBER 27: The Soviet's four-front drive—Middle Don, Stalingrad, central, Caucasus—was continuing.

DECEMBER 28: In Papua the Japanese rats-desperate as Allies closed in, squeezing the invaders into still smaller pockets. Rabaul was heavily raided, Japs routed in an air fight over Buna. The British Eighth Army was still in contact with Rommel's forces, but in Tunisia operations were weather-battered.

DECEMBER 29: The German base at Kotchikovo was almost encircled by Soviet forces, was expected to fall. Another force was pushing on towards Rostov.

DECEMBER 30: Nazi forces were routed at Kotchikovo, the city was once more in Russian hands.

DECEMBER 31: Soviet troops had completely cleared Nazis from Stalingrad, inflicting staggering losses, were also driving down towards Rostov.



★ BOOKS ★

AIRMAN

Says the publisher's dust-jacket blurb about *The Last Enemy*, by Richard Hillary: "This book not only provides a very vivid narrative of war service in the R.A.F., but gives a clear picture of how the pilot is affected mentally and spiritually by his adventures."

Wrong as a number of points is that piece of copy.

(1) That it is narrative of war service in the R.A.F. is readily conceded. That it is "vivid" is open to some discussion. Hillary's descriptive stuff is good. That much is obvious. By some it might even be described as very good.

Never does it rise above that. It is not, for example, the living, vibrant stuff of which John le Carré's *Agent in Uniform* is made, although it is cast in somewhat the same mould as that deathless story of a British platoon in the Middle East.

(2) That "it gives a clear picture of how the pilot is affected" is open to serious debate.

It might be said that the book gives a picture of how a particular pilot (Richard Hillary) was affected "mentally and spiritually."

But Hillary, in his bitter confession of mind and complex class of spirit is but one of a very small

band—so small that it is representative of nothing.

For this reason, it is difficult to know why *The Last Enemy* was written. It demonstrates nothing, is representative of nothing, achieves nothing.

In point of strict fact, *The Last Enemy* (which, being a book, encloses, as a miniature, shrines, those things printed therein, simply because that is the purpose and nature of a book) gets nowhere.

It could have been an outstanding piece of work. That pilot-author Hillary has a highly developed flair for writing is undeniable; that he has not used it to the best advantage is obvious.

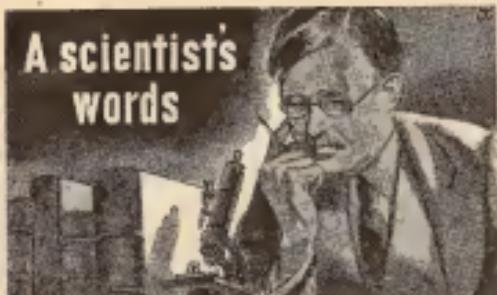
As a reporter of externals he is weak to the point of becoming watery. As a reporter of his own confused ideas, thoughts, sensations he is at least apparently honest.

The main point at issue: That no man should charge his public 9/6 per copy for a book that is crammed with copy describing the chaotic meanderings of his personal thoughts.

Many a good book has been written about the R.A.F., its work, its play, its life. This is not one of them.

None of this is meant to imply that *The Last Enemy* has no good

A scientist's words



"The results of defective elimination are chronic and cumulative; they represent not an immediate disaster, but a slow fouling of the living machine" —

Thus a prominent scientist refers to the effect of intestinal stagnation or auto-toxins (self-poisoning)—the cause of so many ills from vague ill-health to chronic constipation and rheumatism, yet so easily prevented.

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pill of Kruschen Salts.

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every morning on a large

glass of hot water or a

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YOURS system needs.

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patches. Some of its passages are surprisingly excellent. But they are soon snatched.

One of them:

"That evening there was a terrific attack on Hornchurch and, for the first time since coming south, I saw some bombers. There were twelve Dornier 215's flying in close formation at about 12,000 feet, and headed back to France.

"I was on my way back to the aerodrome when I first sighted them about 5000 feet below me.

"I dove straight down in a quick head-on attack. It seemed quite impossible to miss, and I pressed the button. Nothing happened. I had already fired my ammunition.

"I could not turn back, so I put both my arms over my head and went straight through the formation, never thinking I'd get out of it unscathed.

"I landed on the aerodrome with the machine, quite serviceable, but a little draughty.

"From this flight Bubble Watson did not return.

"And so August drew to a close with no slackening of pressure in the enemy offensive. Yet the Squadron showed no signs of strain, and I personally was content. This was what I had waited for, waited for nearly a year, and I was not disappointed.

"If I felt anything it was a sensation of relief. We had little time to think, and each day brought new action. No one thought of the future, sufficient until the day was the emotion thereof. At night one switched

off one's mind like an electric light.

"It was one week after Bubble went that I crashed into the North Sea . . .

"I was falling," he continues, groping a little painfully after effect, grasping for images verbal straws to bolster a flat spot into what, because of its importance, he no doubt felt should shine a lot brighter.

"Falling slowly through a dark pit. I was dead. My body, headless, circled in front of me. I saw it with my mind, my mind that was the radius at front of the eye, the dull scream in the ear, the grunting of the mouth, the skin crumpling on the skull. It was death and reawakening. Terror, moving with me, touched my cheek with her, and I felt the flesh wince. Faster, faster. . . . I was hot now, hot, again one with my body, on fire and screaming soundlessly. Dear God, no! No! Not that, not again. The sickly smell of death was in my nostrils and a confused roar of sound. Then all was quiet. I was back."

Little doubt is there that, in time, author Hillary will outgrow this pantomime in high, dramatic colors the things of his mind. He will learn to give them more force and drama by the use of simple statements.

Best thing he can do at war's end is to get a straight reporting job on a daily newspaper for a while. Meanwhile, he has the makings. (*The Last Enemy*, by Richard Hillary. Our copy Angus & Robertson, 9/6.)

The Pyrex you treasure...



helped build
AUSTRALIA'S BLOOD BANK

Because the wants of this popular overseas created such a demand for it in peacetime days the makers of Pyrex had an extensive plant operating when war broke out. They were thus able to place it immediately at the disposal of Australia for the production of blood bank containers, amputees, and similar glassware vitally necessary for the fighting services.

AGEE PYREX

Marketed by Crown Crystal Glass Pty. Ltd.

POTPOURRI



*** TIS SAID . . .

It is true that I suffer from both temperment and asthma, but the asthma is a dozen sight worse than the temperment.—*Lord Beaverbrook*, quoted in *Time*, New York.

A British onder substitutes caps for top hats. The curious reason is that during an alert business men with a top hat in one hand and a steel helmet in the other would find themselves embarrassed. In reality, the British oligarchy is beginning to abolish external signs of caste in order to escape notice.—*Radio radio*.

I have often thought that if other nations could understand why the English sit for hours between the showers of an English summer day, watching a game called cricket, there might be a bit of peace in the world. For they would understand the English, and they would understand what sort of fiftieens we are.—*Hilda Morley*, in *The Daily Mirror*, London.

*** ON POLITICS

I should not to-day advise an aspirant in politics to become an independent or to attach himself to one of the small parties. I should say to him: "Goldfish are obliged by the needs of survival and protection to live in water surrounded by glass. An intelli-

gent but inexperienced goldfish may well imagine that he would be more at his ease in a small but exquisite wine-glass of his own design. The wise goldfish chooses the largest bowl . . ."—*Herold Nicolson*, in *The Spectator*, London

*** "AB" WARSAW

America has always regarded advertisement copywriting as one of the highest forms of literature. What heights (or depths) the art has now reached can be judged from these genuine specimens from the pages of one issue of *Time*, New York:

Practise Basal metabolism readings showed that 4 hours of writing with poor pencils was just as tiring as running almost a mile.

Jewellery No man knows how much he loves his wife until, one time, she isn't there.

It is such quick, inarticulate moments of realization that are eventually expressed in diamonds.

Motor-Cars The new auto mode is built to keep America on the move—to step up the tempo of getting things done. It is "victoria-styled" in a bold new military mode. It has new "Double-Duty" bumpers, new "Fuselage" fenders, new "Dreadnought" frame and an engine of greater "fire-power," combining alert action with long-time de-



Wise washing will set your precious Lustre undies come smiling from the tub wash after wash. They'll stay shapely and clear-coloured if you use only mild soap and lukewarm water . . . dry in the shade and press with a moderately hot iron.

Lustre For Lingerie and Soft-Fashioned Underwear



prudishness and rigid economy.

Holiday. Painted about 300 years ago, the "Portrait of Count Duyts Van Voerhout" is one of the finest examples of how Frans Hals captured an almost "speaking likeness" of his subject. The old master's deft blending of tones is analysed above by Raphael Soyer, noted contemporary artist.

Hals' amazing skill in blending reveals the secret of another masterpiece—*Fine Arts Whisky*.

Radio Thoughts that Tremble never told the gang:

They'd have kidded you if you told them what fine music over the radio did to you. So you kept it secret.

You never let on that music made you laugh and cry.

You never told them that it made you think thoughts so big you could hardly keep them in.

To-day, thoughtful parents realize the importance of giving their children the spiritual richness of great music at its best. That, perhaps, is why mothers and fathers are so keenly interested in the new Stromberg-Carlson.

—*World Digest, London*

• • • THOUGHTS

As she looks over 60-new tanks, cannon-bearing bombers, and other inventions of the age, we wonder what Necessity thinks of her babies.

The talk now is of a post-war world without armament. Thus the balance of power should shift at long last to the Chinese, as over them they let the flagestrants grow.

Experiments, they say, conclusively show that drinking fish liver oil makes one see better in the dark. And a lot easier to find.

A prehistoric skull, unearthed in Australia, has a brain cavity big half the size of the average man's. The digging continues, therefore, for the driver's licence.

Calling man in his present state only a little lower than the angels is no compliment to our feathered friends.

Covering the war for a weekly is as tricky as getting out a movie fan magazine with all the blondes married to the right people.

Nature, the wonderful, is evolving types who sit through double features, follow 11 radio serials without losing a thread, and keep an eye on all the war frames.

It was an Ontario editor, some years back, who laid down a rule for the writing staff, that stories about film stars marrying must end with a comma.

—*H. F. Wade, in Detroit News, U.S.A.*

• • • CRACKS IN THE URN

There may be doubts as to which politicians in France were most responsible for the collapse, but if it had occurred in England we should know; the guilty would be now be girls.

Newspapers are—or should be—the brains of the people. The B.B.C. is the voice of the Government pretending to be the ears of the people.

A shortage of newsprint is convenient for the Government in power. If a newspaper has only

half of its page-size supply, it must either devote one-half of the space it formerly devoted to Government mistakes—which, on the contrary, in wars are always larger and more mortal—or only dilute them to half the former extent.

The English public has been for so long misled that it has grown to believe a strategic withdrawal to be a greater military achievement than a strategic advance. But it will not believe it for ever!—*Oskar Shussel, in The New Statesman, London*

• • • SO THEY'LL EAT CANE

The highest category of sugar-payers is brutally treated. These so-called rich, after paying rates, taxes, and other inescapable commitments, will not have a penny of their income left with which to buy a crust of bread.

That should be stated and frankly recognized. In acquiescing without a murmur to new legislation, your lordships have committed voluntary financial suicide.—*Lord Wardington, in the House of Lords*.

The hard case of Lord Wardington leaves me, of course, sympathetic, but rather perplexed. Lord Wardington is chairman of Lloyd's Bank and several other things besides, and I am quite sure his income is many times as large as mine. Yet modest as my takings are, I am not within shouting distance of the crust-of-bread (let alone no-crust-of-bread) level so far. Let us try a sum of two. Out of his first £2,000 of

DON'T ARGUE ABOUT PINEAPPLE PORK SAUSAGES

GLORIOUS FLAVOUR. REMARKABLE QUALITY.



BUY AND HOLD
WAR SAVINGS
CERTIFICATES

Equipment is needed now. The more you save, the quicker you save, the more the value of your effort. Encouragement won't win the war—it can go a long way towards losing it. Only by economy can the defence of Australia be secured and eventual victory won.

BUY

WAR SAVINGS
CERTIFICATES

MAKE EVERY DAY A NATIONAL
THIEF DAY.

income Lord Wardington keeps £1,000. Out of the next £500 he keeps £280. Out of the next £500 he keeps £192/1/6. Out of the next £1,000 he keeps £137 10s. Out of an income of £4,000, therefore, the Chancellor of the Exchequer will, lessors roughly £1,730, enough surely to cover a cell wherein to dwell, a little bit of bread, and even a little bit of butter on the bread—and to pay the rates. There are men fighting in Libya on less than that.—"Janus" in *The Spectator*, London.

* * * "DEMOCRATIC" SPIRIT

A sergeant-pilot friend of mine recently awarded the D.F.M., was even more recently promoted to the commissioned rank of Pilot-Officer. I met him in town the other day, in his new uniform. So I asked him to have a drink.

"Sure," he said.

"What will it be?" I asked.

He did not reply for a minute, but took a slim volume out of his pocket, turned over a few pages, cleared his throat, and then, to my utter amazement, began to read. This is what he read:

"Choose your drink with at least the same care that you would your food. Unless you wish to appear undisciplined in these matters never drink more than one sherry or other short drink before a meal, you will spoil your palate..."

It went on and on like that until I took the book out of his hand and found it was entitled *Carries of the Service, Advice to*

those Newly Commissioned. It was presented to my friend when he received his commission. Written specially for the benefit of R.A.F. officers, it was first published in 1939 and has the official blessing of the Air Council.

It glitters with pearls of wisdom strung together by an anonymous author—obviously a Service chief—and its enlightened democratic spirit must prove a source of inspiration to many a young R.A.F. pilot taking his commission. Ponder, if you will, on this closing example:

"Men like to look up to you as their superior; they object to being led by equals."

* * * R.A.F. MEMS

There are concise instructions about behaviour in the mess, a warning not to discuss women during dinner, and precise instructions concerning the right and wrong way to travel. With so few trains having first-class compartments these days, the travelling R.A.F. officer must have some pretty anxious moments, because he is told to "avoid, if possible, travelling in the same railway compartment as other ranks, for the reasons given. You are expected to live up to your status as an officer and travel in a first-class carriage. If funds make this impracticable, find a compartment not occupied by your men."

There are no first-class compartments on Wellington bombers... A. J. La Brea, in *The Tribune*, London.



PUBLIC NOTICE

DURING the past six months we have reproduced in this magazine information in a six-page supplement on A.R.P. matters.

This section will not continue to appear in CAVALCADE.

Arrangements, however, have been made to reproduce future issues of the supplement as a separate eight-page booklet.

While we continue to publish this booklet a copy will be available to you if you would like to receive one each month.

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